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MY LADY.

My lady is not fair, but a clear light
Shines in her eyes from morning until night.

My lady is not learned, but she knows
The way to every heart; straight there she goes.

Though neither fair nor learned, she is one
To love and, loving, never to have done.

LORD AND LADY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," "BY CROOKED PATHS," "SHEATHED IN VELVET," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III.

FOR a moment or two Norah felt giddy and almost faint. Surely no girl had ever before been placed in so extraordinary and trying a situation. Opposite her sat the father she had never seen before; the guests were all strangers to her. The magnificent room with its air of mingled grandeur and refinement would have been alone sufficient to over-awe a young girl accustomed hitherto to the small and simple rooms of a country cottage.

But Norah possessed a spirit not easily cowed. Somehow or other she divined that the stately, patrician old man facing her at the bottom of the table expected her to display some confusion and shyness, and she resolved that he should be—well, disappointed.

So, though the room seemed to spin round, and she saw the faces of the guests and the footmen through a kind of haze, she made no sign of the emotions that swept across her young heart.

The gentlemen, with true delicacy, carefully avoidly looking at her for some minutes, and talked together with the kind of vivacity which is so palpably forced; and it was evident that though they talked of the coming hay harvest and of current politics, they were all thinking of the girl who had been introduced thus suddenly and strangely to her father and her home.

The footman brought her some soup, the butler filled her glass with wine, with countenances as expressionless as if they had been in the habit of waiting on her for the last twenty years; and Norah got through her soup and sipped the costly wine in silence.

She knew they were all thinking of her, and she felt the keen gray eyes at the end of the table glance towards her now and again; but though her heart beat tumultuously, and her face was pale, her hands did not tremble nor her lips quiver. An Indian at the stake could not have behaved better.

Presently Lord Ferndale, who sat next to her, turned to here.

"I hope you had a pleasant journey, Lady Norah?" he said in as ordinary a tone as he could command, but which was gentle, and, as she felt, almost pitying.

She raised her dark eyes, and the peer, who had seen many beautiful women in his time, experienced the thrill which Mr. Petherick had felt when she had first looked at him.

"Yes, thank you," she said. "It seemed rather long, but it was pleasant."

"Let me see," he said, as he thought, "A lovely young creature, with a sweet voice!" —"you came from——?"

"Norton, in Devonshire," said Norah.

"Ah, yes; a very pretty place. I hope you will like Santleigh. I suppose I ought not to say that it is as pretty; but of course I think so. My wife will be so pleased to show you all our lions"

"Thank you," said Norah simply.

"I am one of your father's oldest friends," he went on, "and I am sure you and Lady Ferndale will get on together."

"Are you fond of riding Lady Norah?" asked Squire Parfleet in his bluff, good-natured voice, wishing to say something to the lovely young creature in her trying position.

"I have never ridden," she replied; "but I think I should like it."

"Of course, of course!" he assented genially. "I must find a nice horse for you; eh, Arrowdale?"

The old earl bowed and smiled.

"You are very good, squire," he answered in his courtly fashion. "One can always rely on your judgment in horseflesh."

The rector gave a little cough; it was his turn now.

"I'm afraid you'll miss the Devonshire ferns, Lady Norah," he said. "We have few or none in Santleigh, but we must hope that our roses will make it up to you. I think you will say that there are some fine ones here at the Court—and a few at the rectory," he added with due humility.

"There are roses in Devonshire," murmured Mr. Petherick; "are there not, Lady Norah?"

Norah smiled at him as at one whom she knew better than the rest, and also liked.

One person only had not spoken to her—Guildford Berton, and she chanced to glance at him. The dark, penetrating eyes happened to be fixed on her, and their gaze met.

In that moment a strange feeling took possession of Norah, a feeling difficult to describe. It was not exactly repulsion, but a singular sensation, as if she felt that he was trying to read all that was passing in her mind, and she must at all costs thwart him.

She ought, by all ordinary rules, to have been attracted by the young man's handsome face, but there was something in it which jarred upon her, though she could not have told what it was.

For a space in which one could have counted twenty they looked into each other's eyes; then Guildford Berton withdrew his gaze and returned to his plate, without uttering a word.

The dinner proceeded. To Norah the courses seemed endless. She had gone to one or two small dinners at the clergyman's at Norton, but the magnificence of this her first meal in her father's house as far surpassed them as a corporation feast surpasses a two-and-sixpenny ordinary. But through it all she made no mistake. If the earl had expected to see her eat with her knife, or commit some similar vulgarity, he was disappointed—or relieved.

If she had presided at the lordly table for years, instead of for the first time, her manner could not have been more perfect.

Every now and then Lord Ferndale or the rector spoke to her, and her sweet, low voice made instant reply.

The costly dessert appeared, and Lord Ferndale helped her to some hot-house strawberries, and, after she had eaten them, she knew that she could make her escape.

The butler entered carrying a cobwebby bottle in a wicker cradle, and Norah rose. Instantly all the gentlemen rose also, and Guildford Berton went and opened the door for her. He raised his eyes for a second and fixed them to the ground again, still without a word.

A footman stepped noiselessly before her and threw open the door of the drawing-room, and Norah went and stood by the window and looked out at the far-stretching lawns and flower gardens, and for the first time—now that she was alone—her eyes grew dim with tears.

The dining-room door had scarcely closed on her than Lord Ferndale exclaimed in a low and fervent voice—

"What a lovely young creature, Arrowdale!"

The earl bowed.

"I am grateful for your approval, Ferndale," he murmured.

"Approval!" muttered Lord Ferndale, frowning slightly, as if he did not like the word; "admiration say. I think she is most exquisite! I know Jeanne"—that was Lady Ferndale—"will be in love with her at first sight. I congratulate you on the possession of such a daughter."

"Thanks, thanks," answered the earl, holding up his glass to the light. "I think—I am not sure—that this wine is losing its color. Shall we have another bottle?"

"No, no! The wine's all right," said the squire bluffly. "I must say I agree with Ferndale; Lady Norah is most—most charming. Gad, she reminds me of"—he looked round, as if trying to find some comparison—"of a picture!"

The earl smiled.

"I thought you were going to say that she reminded you of one of the family, squire," he said slowly, "and I was curious to hear whom you thought she resembled." He looked at some family portraits which hung round the room. "I must confess that I see no likeness to any of them."

All turned their eyes upon the portraits inquiringly.

"For my part, I don't see one of them—begging your pardon, Arrowdale—half so beautiful as your daughter," exclaimed Lord Ferndale.

"No?" The earl lifted his delicately marked eyebrows.

"There isn't one with such beautiful hair," remarked the squire.

"Nor such eyes," said the rector. "They are very lovely, and so full of expression."

The earl looked from one to the other.

"None of the Arrowdales have had hair of that shade," he said.

"A bronze gold," murmured the rector.

"Not one," repeated the earl slowly. "We are generally speaking, a dark race. No, she has not the Arrowdale face."

"Perhaps Lady Norah takes after her mother," said the rector.

The remark had slipped out unawares, and as the remembrance of the separation flashed across him he reddened to the roots of his hair.

But the earl turned to him with a perfectly serene and placid smile, though his thin, clean-cut lips were slightly compressed.

"A very natural suggestion," he said smoothly; "but Lady Norah is quite unlike her mother."

"Well," said Lord Ferndale hastily, "at any rate, your family possesses a new type, of which it should be proud, Arrowdale."

The earl inclined his head.

"You all make me very happy," he said with forced courtliness. "I had feared——" He stopped.

Lord Ferndale pushed his glass away with a movement half impatient, half indignant.

"Gad!" he said, "we must all try and make her happy. I'm sure she deserves to be. She must feel strange and—lonely." He, too, stopped, feeling that he had gone far enough in rebuking the earl of his coldness. "She'll make your life worth living, Arrowdale," he wound up with.

"My life has always seemed to me worth living, Ferndale," he retorted, if anything so sweetly and suavely spoken could be called a retort. Then he turned to Guildford Berton.

"Did you go to the Swallow Farm to-day, Guildford?" he asked, and there was a peculiar tone in his voice.

The young man had been sitting perfectly still and silent, his eyes tracing the pattern of the table cloth, and he raised them with something like a start.

"Yes, sir," he replied, "and saw Farmer Goodman. The roof is out of repair, as he says, but I arranged that he should pay one third of the cost."

"Thank you," said the earl. "It was very good of you to take so much trouble, and on so hot a day—very good; and it is an excellent arrangement, far better than I should have been able to make."

"I'm glad you approve of it, sir," said the young man calmly. "Being in the neighborhood I rode on to Parkham about the timber; he has come to my—I should say our—terms."

"Say yours," said the earl with a smile, "for they were yours, and very good ones! Thank you again! Will you please help yourself and pass the wine? No wine, Ferndale? Will none of you take any wine? Ah, I see, you are longing for your cigars!"

"We'll smoke on the terrace," said Lord Ferndale, rising. "It is a lovely night."

"Very well," said the earl. "Mr. Petherick, who like myself, alas! has not acquired the art of smoking, will take another glass with me while you are gone." He rose and courteously opened the French windows for them, saying, "Guildford, you know where to find the cigars."

Then he gently pushed the doors to, and returning to the table reseated himself, and refilling his glass held it in his white, delicate hand, and looked at the old lawyer with a keen scrutiny.

Mr. Petherick made a great fuss in filling his glass, and coughed nervously.

"You are waiting for me to say that I am surprised, Mr. Petherick," said the earl with a half-sarcastic smile.

Mr. Petherick colored.

"I am sure you are not disappointed, my lord," he said.

"Yes," said the earl thoughtfully, "I am surprised. I had expected——" He stopped. "You found her living in a cottage? With no companions but the woman of the house? Where did she get that manner and tone?" He asked this question rather of himself than of the lawyer.

Mr. Petherick coughed.

"Allow me to remind you that she is your daughter, the daughter of a hundred earls, as the poet says."

The earl smiled.

"She is not like me in the very least," he asked, almost abruptly for him.

"That is evident, my lord. I should say that Lady Norah was not only educated, but accomplished."

"May I ask how you know?" was the courteous retort.

"Well, I saw a copy of Browning on the table, I saw a drawing signed by her, and I have spent some hours in her company, my lord."

"True. And she knows nothing of——" The earl paused.

"She had never heard your name, my lord—was in complete ignorance that her father was living. It is evident that—that——"

"My wife, her mother, did not attempt to prejudice her against me. Did not poison her mind, in fact," said the earl, "is that what you mean?"

"Well—yes, my lord," assented Mr. Petherick nervously.

"It is as well she did not; it will be difficult enough for us to live together as it is. And the woman, the nurse, Catharine Hayes, is dead, quite dead, and buried?"

"I saw her grave, my lord."

The earl was silent a moment or two, then he fingered his glass, and without looking at the old lawyer said—

"I wish to speak to you about that—that other matter upon which I instructed you."

"Your nephew, my lord?" said Mr. Petherick.

A flash of anger rose to the earl's face.

and he pushed the wine glass from him.

"Call him the viscount, if you please," he said. "I dislike being reminded of our relationship. You saw him?"

"No, my lord," said Mr. Petherick in a low voice, he declined an interview."

The earl smiled instead of frowning.

"Characteristic insolence," he said smoothly. "Well?"

"I wrote to him at some length, setting forth your lordship's views. I explained to him that if he would consent to cut off the entail you would meet his views in the matter of money—that, in fact, you would be willing to pay him a large sum."

"Yes," murmured the earl, "I would be willing to pay him a large, a very large sum if he would give up his right to the estate which must otherwise be his when—when I die. You made it plain to him? He must want money. He is a spendthrift—has always been one. A large sum of ready money should tempt him! To free the estate from any claim he has upon it, to be able to do with it as I pleased, to leave it to whom I chose, I would be willing to sacrifice a fortune!"

"I made that clear to him, I think, my lord."

"Well?" demanded the earl suavely enough, but with his white fingers ruffling the cloth in wrinkles.

Mr. Petherick emitted a dry little cough.

"I am sorry to say that he declined your lordship's proposal."

The earl's thin lips came together sharply as if they checked an oath.

"Oh, he declined," he said dryly.

"Yes, my lord, absolutely. He remarked in his letter that he would rather starve than barter his birthright."

The earl smiled, a remarkably disagreeable smile.

"His birthright! The profligate! He counts upon my dying shortly, I presume!"

Mr. Petherick shook his head.

"I—I think profligate rather too harsh a term, my lord," he ventured. "The viscount has been wild, it is true; and—and, yes, extravagant, but of late he seems to have changed—reformed, as one may say."

The earl nodded.

"In-deed! And how is he living? I ask from mere idle curiosity."

"I don't know my lord," replied Mr. Petherick. "I made inquiries, but I could not find out. Indeed, no one seems to know anything of his recent movements, excepting that he is not moving in the circles which he used to frequent."

"In hiding from the Jews and moneylenders," said the earl with a sardonic smile. "We will give him a little more rope, Petherick."

The old lawyer shook his head.

"I venture to think that the viscount's decision is final, my lord," he said, "I have his letter here," he drew out his pocket-book, but the earl put forth his hand with a shake of the head.

"Thanks, but, pardon me, I would rather not see it. I have never seen the writer, and have no desire to make acquaintance even with his handwriting."

Mr. Petherick put back the pocket-book with something like a sigh.

"It—it is a pity, my lord," he ventured timidly, "a pity that there should be—shem—bad blood between your lordship and the viscount, especially as he will inherit, must inherit this vast estate——"

The earl smiled.

"You forget," he said courteously, "that I might marry again."

Mr. Petherick looked at him.

"You are right," said the earl, "I should not marry even to spite my—the viscount. But we are all mortal," he went on in the softest of voices, "and after all he might die before me!"

"He might," said Mr. Petherick in response to this truly Christian reflection, "but——"

"It is not likely," said the earl. "Really your candor is charming, Petherick! Oh, pray don't apologize," as the old lawyer grew red and stammering. "Let us finish our wine in peace."

Meanwhile the gentlemen strolled up and down the terrace with their cigars, talking together, and as they passed the window of the drawing-room in which Norah was sitting, and in which the lights were lit, they lowered their voices.

"Poor girl!" said Lord Ferndale. "My heart aches for her! Great Heaven! fancy her position to-night! To be welcomed by a father whom she had never seen, in such a cold-blooded fashion! Old friend as he is, I had hard work to keep from flying into a rage with him!"

"Such a lovely young creature!" said the rector. "One wouldn't have been surprised if he had caught her in his arms and burst into tears. They were very near my own eyes, I know."

The squire laughed grimly.

"I can't fancy the earl doing that," he remarked. "I often think he was born without a heart. Why, it isn't only with his wife that he quarrelled. There isn't a soul belonging to him that he hasn't parted from. Look at the young viscount. Having quarrelled with his father, the earl has actually never seen the young man. Never seen the heir to the title and the estates, by George!"

"And such estates!" murmured the rector, looking out across the park thoughtfully.

"Ah, and there's something more than the estates," remarked the squire. "The earl can't have been living up to half—ah, a quarter—of his income, and must be rolling in money!"

"That will all go to Lady Norah!" said Lord Ferndale.

"Yes, and she'll be the richest heiress in the county or thereabouts," assented the squire. "Poor girl, what a change it is for her!"

"I wish there had been some ladies here to-night," said the rector, "it would have been easier and pleasanter for her."

"What was the earl's idea in having us here to-night?" asked the squire, puffing at his cigar with a puzzled frown.

Lord Ferndale shrugged his shoulders.

"Who can say? To try her—to see how she would carry herself."

"Ah, and how well she did it!" exclaimed the rector. "Didn't you think so, Mr. Berton?"

Guilford Berton was leaning on the coping of the terrace smoking slowly and thoughtfully, and taking no part in the conversation; he looked up, and inclined his head.

"Remarkably so," he said, in an utterly inexpressive voice.

Lord Ferndale glanced at him curiously, and with something like coldness.

"I think we had better go in," he said. "It must be lonely for Lady Norah," and they flung their cigars away and re-entered the dining-room.

The footmen had lit the candles in the drawing-room, and Norah had seated herself before a small table on which the tea service had been laid, waiting for them to come in. Her gaze wandered round the vast room with its gilded carvings and costly hangings, its priceless pictures and rare and curious bric-a-brac, and a sense of unreality seemed to possess her. It all appeared like a dream. This her home, and that cold and stately personage her father! Surely she would wake up presently and find herself in the tiny room of Cliff Cottage, and hear Mrs. Jordan's sing-song voice buzzing in her ear!

Lady Norah! She had not even yet got used to the title, which sounded so strangely in her ears that when it was spoken she half looked round to see who was addressed by it. Lady Norah! She was Norah Frere no longer, but an earl's daughter, and she had come "home" to this vast place with its palatial rooms and army of servants.

Lonely! No Arab in the centre of the desert ever felt lonelier than did Norah at that moment, and the desire for one soul upon whom she could lean, to whom she could pour out her heart, was so intense that her heart actually ached with it.

Then the door opened, and the gentlemen filed in.

Lord Ferndale went up to her at once, thinking as he spoke to her, and looked down at her, that of all the beautiful things in the room she was the most beautiful; and he noticed, with admiration, how promptly she had taken her place at the tea table, just as if she had been accustomed to it for years.

"We have been away so long that we scarcely deserve any tea, Lady Norah," he said, with his kindest smile.

"I am afraid it will be rather cold," she said. "I have been looking round for a cosy to put on the teapot—we always had one at home——" She stopped, and colored; it was the first slip she had made. "I mean at the Cottage——"

"You would like some fresh tea," said the earl naively. "Will you ring, Guildford, please."

"I think it is hot enough," said Norah, just raising her eyes to her father's face.

He bowed.

"It rests with you," he said, in his courtliest fashion.

She poured out the tea, and Guildford Berton came and stood beside her, and silently took the cups and handed them round, his dark eyes downcast and guarded, but once Norah happened to look up suddenly, and found them fixed on her hands as if he were studying them, or found something curious in their white shapeliness.

Lord Ferndale seated himself in a low chair beside her, and glanced at the others.

"I suppose you are wondering who we all are, Lady Norah?" he said with a smile, and in a voice audible only to her.

She turned her dark eyes upon him with a frankness which he found very sweet.

"A little, yes," she admitted.

He laughed.

"I'll try and tell you," he said. "I'm an old fogy who lives near you, in a place called The Park. Mr. Parfect, or the squire, as he is always called—well, I suppose he is another old fogy!—he lives at the Manor; the rector doesn't need describing, and—there you are!"

"You have forgotten Mr. Berton," said Norah with a smile.

Lord Ferndale half glanced in the direction of that young gentleman.

"Ah, yes," he said. "I beg his pardon, I'm sure. Well, you know his name—and there is not much more to tell about him, except that he is the son of the earl's—your father's—late steward, and that he lives in a little cottage just outside the park—your park, I mean."

Norah looked across the room again. Mr. Guildford Berton was leaning against the piano, his hands behind him, his eyes fixed on the ground; statuesque and silent, and as perfectly self possessed as if he were alone in the room.

"You are wondering why your father should make such a friend of his steward's son?" said Lord Ferndale.

Norah turned with a slight start.

'Scarcely wondering," she said.

"Well, if you had wondered a great deal it would be only natural, and like the rest of us. It is strange. But Mr. Berton has made himself extremely useful to the earl, and—and happens to suit him." He laughed. "That's the only explanation, I believe."

Norah noticed that he spoke of him as "Mr." Berton, which is the superior's way of speaking of an inferior.

"You don't like him, Lord Ferndale," she remarked, in a low voice.

It was his turn to start, and he looked at her.

"You make me quite afraid of you, Lady Norah!" he said. "Are you a thought-reader?"

"Then you don't like him!" she said with a smile.

"Not—very much," he admitted. "It's only fair to say that I know nothing against him, nothing whatever; and I believe him to be most clever. But he is—well, a little too silent; and—you will laugh at me—but we simple folk are always suspicious of superior beings whom we do not understand. You will understand him, I daresay, and like him, I hope. He is really very clever," he added, as if trying to do Mr. Berton full justice, "and knows every detail of the estate; and it is vast enough to bewilder any but a very clever man."

Again Norah looked at the motionless figure and handsome face, still downcast and abstracted.

"What Mr. Berton does not know is not worth knowing," continued Lord Ferndale, leaning back and nursing his knee. "He took a high degree at Oxford, I believe, and was intended for the Bar, where he would have been a great success I have no doubt."

"And he has thrown up his profession?" asked Norah with surprise.

"Yes," assented Lord Ferndale. "It would appear so. At any rate, he has been living outside the park for the last two years, and does nothing, apparently, but help your father with the estate, and he does that free, gratis, for nothing," he added with a laugh.

The clock on the mantel-shelf struck half past ten, and at the moment a footman announced Lord Ferndale's carriage.

He and the squire and the rector clustered round her to say good-night, and Lord Ferndale held her hand for quite a long time.

"Lady Ferndale will be so glad to come and see you, Lady Norah," he said.

Guildford Berton was the last to come up, and he took her hand with just the two words, "Good night."

Norah thought it was fancy, that she was tired and over-strained, but it seemed to her that his long, thin fingers struck a chill to her, and she began to think that she understood Lord Ferndale's vague dislike or suspicion of the young man who was the son of her father's steward, and who was "so clever."

The earl, with the courtesy for which he was famous, accompanied his guests to the hall, and bowed them farewell; then Norah heard him returning, and her heart beat fast.

At last they were alone. What would he say to her?

He came into the room, and looked at her as she stood, tall and slimly graceful.

"I am afraid you are tired," he said, in his soft, restrained voice. "Too tired to converse to-night. Indeed, I do not think we have much to say. The past—your past—has been left behind to-day; you start on a fresh new life. Hitherto you have been simply Norah Frere—Frere was the name, I think? Henceforth you are Lady Norah Arrowdale, and my daughter; and this will be your home. I trust you will be happy. If there should be anything you desire, anything I can do to ensure your comfort, pray do not hesitate to inform me of it, Norah."

"Thank you—papa," she responded.

The last word dropped from her lips softly, in a voice that would have melted most men; but if it touched the Right Hon. the Earl of Arrowdale, he concealed any emotion most successfully.

"You must not let me keep you from repose," he said. "Good night."

He held out his hand, and as she put her small soft one into it she leant forward a little. A word, a gesture, and she would have thrown herself upon his breast, but he just bent forward and touched her forehead with his lips.

"Good-night," he said, almost as if he feared she would make "a scene." "Allow me to ring for your maid."

He rang, held the door open for her, and inclined his head, just as he would have done to a guest, and she passed out.

With her eyes moist, but her head and figure erect, for she was still resoved to show no sign, she went up the broad stairs. At the top, when she had gained the wide corridor which ran round the vast hall, she paused, confused by the number of doors and their similiarity, and as she hesitated, wondering which was her room, a woman dressed in black came towards her. She was a woman approaching middle-age, with a sober looking face and a strikingly subdued manner.

"This is your ladyship's room," she said, opening a door.

Norah thanked her and entered, and the woman followed her.

"I am your ladyship's servant, she explained, and she stood respectfully attentive.

Norah colored slightly.

"You are my lady's maid?" she said, then she smiled. "I have never had one before, and scarcely know what you can do for me that I cannot do myself."

"Your ladyship will let me help you undress and brush your hair," she replied.

Norah shrugged her shoulders and smiled again.

"Thank you," she said. "It will seem strange at first.

"Yes, my lady," she assented respectfully as she removed Norah's dress and began to unfasten her hair. Norah sat before the glass lost in thought for a few minutes, then suddenly raising her eyes she found her new maid's fixed upon her with strange intentness.

"Why do you look at me so intently?" she asked in her frank way.

The maid colored.

"I beg your ladyship's pardon," she said in a low voice. "I was thinking—but I may offend your ladyship"

"No," said Norah. "Please go on."

"I was thinking——" She stopped again, "I was thinking of the countess, your mother, Lady Norah."

"You—know her?" said Norah almost inaudibly.

"Yes, my lady. I was here in service when her ladyship was here, and sometimes I was her maid."

Norah sighed.

"And what were you thinking—that I reminded you of her?"

The woman looked confused.

"N-o, my lady," she said at last. "You are not like her ladyship in any way," and she glanced at the lovely face reflected in the glass.

Norah sighed again.

"What is your name?" she asked.

"Harman, my lady."

Norah said no more, and Harman brushed the wealth of golden-brown hair in careful silence. Then she helped Norah into her dressing gown.

"I sleep in the next room but two to your suite, my lady," she said, "and this bell communicates with it."

Norah dismissed her and leant back in the chair. Tired as she was—or perhaps because she was so tired—she felt that she could not sleep, and she sat with half-closed eyes and recalled all the incidents of the evening. It all still seemed like a dream to her, and as if the vast house and all belonging to it would fade away and leave

her in her own little room at Cliff Cottage.

Presently she got up and went round the room and into an adjoining one, which was furnished as a boudoir in pale blue satin with amber hangings. She had read of such rooms, but had never imagined that she should ever live in them, and for a time she was lost in a kind of wonder at the beauty and luxury of her surroundings. Then suddenly a sound broke the silence. It was the first timid "jug, jug" of a nightingale.

Norah stood and listened, and the note grew more confident and thrilling. It seemed to fill the whole air with delicious music. She went to the window and drew aside the curtains of Indian muslin, and instantly the light of a full moon flooded the room.

Norah looked out upon a view which would have stirred a painter to enthusiasm, and a long sigh of admiration and delight broke from her lips. Moved by an irresistible impulse, she unfastened the window. It was a French one extending to the ground, and she found that it opened on to a balcony or terrace. Stepping out, she leant over and looked down.

Immediately below her was the terrace which ran along the whole length of the front and one side of the house. The balcony, as she had thought it, was also a higher terrace, connected with the lower one by a flight of stone steps, so that she could have walked from the upper to the lower terrace.

She did walk to the head of the steps and looked down. All was silent, and there were no lights in the windows; and, enraptured by the beauty of the scene, she stood lost in thought which is less than thought, looking before her absently, and listening to the nightingale.

"Yes, it was surely all a dream, and this the most beautiful part was the beginning of the transformation scene and the awakening! Indeed, a transformation of a sort was beginning, for a bank of clouds which had been steadily moving up towards the moon reached the edge of it and slowly veiled over and shrouded it.

Instantly, where light had reigned triumphant a moment before, all was dark with a darkness made more intense by the proceeding intense light.

Norah stood with her arms resting upon the stone balustrade, her eyes fixed upon the spot where the moon was hidden, and there floated across her mind Juliet's well-known lines.

All unconsciously she murmured them—

> Oh, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,
> That monthly changes in her circled orb,
> Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Instantly there came back upon the night air Romeo's response, uttered in a grave and musical voice close beside her—

> What shall I swear by!

For a moment Norah thought that it was a trick of memory and imagination, then with a start she shrank back and stared in the darkness in the direction from which the voice had proceeded.

She could see, hear nothing, and yet she was sure now that she had heard the familiar line in response to hers, and that the person who had spoken it was close beside her.

Norah did not lack courage, and even in the first moment of surprise she was not alarmed. Who could it be that had taken up the verse? It was not the earl's voice, but a younger and more musical one. Could there be someone staying in the house whom she had not seen, someone who had been tempted out, as she had been, by the beauty of the night?

Her heart beat fast, and she was about to do the wisest thing she could under the circumstances—steal back to her room—when the voice spoke again.

"Are you going right through the play, Jack?" it said in a tone of indolent amusement. "You imitate Juliet's voice very nicely; but don't talk too loudly, or we shall be overheard, and some faithful retainer of the noble house will discharge the common revolver at us. Eh?" he seemed to wait for a response, then went on. "Yes, that's right, hold your tongue; it's the safest course if you can't refrain from spouting Shakspeare. What a lovely night!"

Then there was silence, as if the speaker were rapt in contemplation.

Norah, filled with wonder as to who the speaker and the man he thought he was addressing could be, moved on tip-toe towards her room, but she had not taken two steps when she heard something move at the head of the steps and within a few feet of her.

Conscious that however quietly she walked the unknown must hear her and become aware of her presence, she stopped still and shrank back against the wall.

"Well, we'd better go, Jack, and wind up this 'mad escapade,' as you very rightly called it," said the same voice. "It was very good of you to humor my insane whim, and now I have seen the old place we'll go. I wish," he sighed, "I wish I had seen her, though! For you were right, and it was on the chance of getting a glimpse of that perfect face that I ventured on this exploit. Come along. Where on earth are you?"

The silence that ensued upon his question seemed to puzzle him, for in a lower and more cautious voice he said, "Jack, don't be too reckless; we don't want to be caught prowling here. I saw a light in one of the windows just now. Come along."

He paused, standing quite close to Norah, so close that she could hear him breathing and hear the next words spoken in a fervent whisper.

"Good-night, angel with the golden hair, wherever you are and wherever you hide in this old house. Good-night."

Norah held her breath.

"Angel with the golden hair." Whom could he mean? Then the hot blood rushed to her face. Could he mean herself? Surely, surely not! And yet at the mere suspicion a strange thrill ran through her, and her breath came in tremulous little pants, filling her with terror lest he should hear her.

"Yes, good-night and good-bye," he murmured. "We may never meet, beautiful unknown, and yet through all my life I shall remember your sweet face! Good-night!"

Then she heard his step moving away from her, another "Jack!" sounded softly on the midnight air, and then all was silent again.

She waited no longer, but, freeing herself from the spell that had fallen upon her, fled to her room and stood behind the window panting and trembling, the musical voice ringing in her ears and drowning even that of the nightingale.

CHAPTER IV.

THE owner of the voice which Norah had heard, under such peculiar and mysterious circumstances, felt his way down the steps to the lower terrace and from thence to the lawn, and there almost stumbled over a young man who was sitting on a bank with his knees clasped in his hands.

"Hallo, what the deuce——" ejaculated in a low voice the one who had stumbled; then as he spoke the moon cleared and he stopped short and stared at his companion. "Why, it's you, Jack!" he exclaimed in amazement. "Where on earth did you come from?"

His companion, a fair young fellow, with a face of a somewhat dreamy and absent expression, heightened by spectacles, looked up and retorted slowly.

"Where on earth did you think I'd come from?"

His friend stared at him, then laughed shortly. It was a pleasant laugh, that matched the voice and the face, which was strikingly handsome and manly.

"Why, you were up there just now!" he said, pointing to the upper terrace.

"Was I?" said Jack. "Then I was quite unaware of it. My dear Cyril, I have never left this bank. 'I know a bank,'" he murmured.

"Do you mean to say you were not up there?" interrupted Cyril incredulously. "Why, man, I heard you!"

"Did you? Extraordinary! I give you my word I haven't opened my lips."

"What!" exclaimed Cyril. "Oh, come now, Jack, you are playing it a little too low down. I tell you I heard you quoting that line about the moon from *Romeo and Juliet!*"

The other turned his spectacles up to the handsome face with slow and profound surprise.

"Upon my word, Cyril, this business, or the moon, have been too much for you. I quoted Shakspeare! My dear fellow, I have sat here since you left me, and I haven't opened my lips! In fact I've sat here long enough to grow a crop of the very finest kind of rheumatism. This midsummer madness of yours is growing serious. For Heaven's sake let us get away while we've a chance. Spout Shakspeare! why, my dear fellow, I've been in too much of a funk all the time, for every moment I've fancied I heard an 'honest watchdog,' or a keeper or gardener, or something of the kind. Come along!" and he rose and stretched himself.

"But—but if it wasn't you who were up there and spoke, who was it?" demanded Cyril.

"Ask me another," responded his friend with a stifled yawn. "Cyril, you have been star-gazing or moon-raking until you have lost your senses. Who should be up there? Do you think if anyone had been, he would have stopped to talk poetry with you? Not he! He'd have rung the alarm bell, sprung a rattle, or riddled you with a revolver; and that's what will happen to both of us if we don't clear out," and he almost yawned his spectacles off.

Cyril laid his hand upon his friend's shoulder.

"Stop chaffing for a moment, Jack," he said, and at the gravity of his voice the other turned to him with serious surprise. "I tell you that I saw—no, heard someone up on the terrace! I went up there in the dark and was sitting on the top step waiting for the moon to clear, when a voice—yours, as I thought, imitating a woman's—said, 'Swear not by the moon!'—you know the lines. And I answered. I went on talking to you as I thought, and though I got no reply, I fancied you were too frightened to carry on a conversation in such dangerous nearness to the house—and—and—" he put his hand to his brow—"Great Heaven," a blush rose to his tanned face, "I—I, thinking you had gone down, uttered some nonsense. No, it was not nonsense; but, Jack, I was not alone! Someone was there! Who was it?"

Quite serious now, his companion shook his head.

"Who's to tell! A woman's voice, you say. Are you sure?"

"Quite sure, now!"

"A housemaid, probably."

Cyril's hand fell from his shoulder, and he uttered an ejaculation of impatience.

"Well, my dear Cyril, it's the only suggestion I can make. Why shouldn't a housemaid quote Shakspeare? I tell you she is as likely nowadays to know him as her mistress."

"Bah!" exclaimed Cyril, and he gazed up at the terrace, his face reflecting his surprise and bewilderment. "It was the voice of a lady."

"Thanks; you said just now you thought it was mine."

"I said——" retorted Cyril, then with a stifled sigh he allowed his companion to draw him away.

Keeping in the shadow of the shrubbery, they made their way through the ornamental grounds, crossed the park and reached the village, and stopped at The Chequers as the inn was called. Inn is rather a dignified name for the little place, which was a rambling cottage owned by a widow of a former Court servant, who let two or three of the rooms as lodgings, and sold beer, candles, tobacco, and peg-tops, and other articles too numerous to mention, in one end of the tiny place.

The two young men entered the sitting-room, and Jack turned up the paraffin lamp, while Cyril dropped into a chair and stared thoughtfully into vacancy.

Jack got a pipe from the mantelshelf and lit it; then adjusting his spectacles, gazed reflectingly at his musing companion.

Now that they were in the light one could see the contrast between the two men. The one, Cyril Burne, was tall and straight, strong-limbed, with the peculiar bearing of man who has gone in for athletics, and with a face that was not only handsome, but possessed of that winsome ease and grace which one is accustomed to associate with good birth and high training. His hands were small yet strong-looking; his clothes sat upon him after the fashion which bringeth delight to the heart of the tailor, and there was an air of command about the dark eyes and clean-cut mouth, noticeable even when, as now, he was in repose.

The other, Jack Wesley, was of a more commonplace type. He was rather awkward in appearance, with bent shoulders, and there was that look about him which belongs to the brain-worker. It was a good-natured, shrewd face, though the eyes behind the spectacles had acquired something of a cynical expression.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WIND POWER.—The use of wind power for producing the electric light possesses the recommendation that it is cheap. A wind motor has been in successful operation for sometime at the northernmost lighthouse at Cape de la Hague, where it drives two dynamos supplying accumulators. The windmill rests upon a timber framing, and transmits motion by means of a vertical shaft. Pulleys are fixed to the latter, which drives the dynamos by means of belting. The windmill works automatically both during light winds and gales. This point has been obtained by employing a spherical regulator which acts by friction up a shaft closing and opening the apertures in the wind wheel in such a manner that the surface exposed to the wind, according to its force, is enlarged or reduced.

Bric-a-Brac.

FAT AND BEAUTY.—The Moors and the Tunisian Jews regard corpulence as absolutely essential to beauty, and the Chinese poets sing of deformed feet as "golden lilies," and the rocking of their women in attempting to walk as "the waving of a willow."

THE SHAH'S WORLD.—In his palace at Teheran the Shah has a globe of considerable size, on the surface of which the countries and the seas of the world are set out in jewels of various colors. The sea is of emerald. The English visitor may note with pride his country flashes in diamonds of the finest waters, and a Frenchman may share the feeling, for France glitters in the same costly gems. British India in all its length and breadth is covered with amethysts; while Africa, the Dark Continent, blazes against the emerald sea, a whole continent of rubies.

MAKING FORTUNES.—The fan-tan shops in New York city, says a contemporary, are now all upon the top floor of Chinese tenement houses, instead of down stairs, as formerly. A string long enough to reach to the bottom of the several floors is tied upon the knob of the door leading into the tan shop, and a piece of kindling wood is fastened at the end, upon which is written in small Chinese characters this interesting information: "If you want a fortune quickly, please follow the string." There are always so many poor Chinamen in New York who "want a fortune quickly" that lots of them follow these strings.

THE MISTLETOE.—"Kissing under the mistletoe" has been thus explained. "One would suppose, from the part played by the mistletoe in Scandinavian mythology, that this custom was common to all northern peoples. Baldur was slain by a mistletoe dart at the instigation of Loki, and in reparation for the injury the plant was afterwards dedicated to his mother, Frigs, so long as it did not touch earth, Loki's empire. On this account it is hung from the ceilings of the houses, and the kiss given under it signifies that it is no longer an instrument of mischief. The feast held in commemoration of the sacred mistletoe survived in some parts of France into the sixteenth century. The plant was credited with many talismanic properties, and its festival attracted immense gatherings of people."

THE AUTHOR.—Stevenson's Suicide Club, in "The New Arabian Nights," in which that member who drew a certain card (the ace of spades) had forthwith to be put out of the world by a fellow-member, produced its profoundest effect—as all new ideas do—in the city of Boston, where a similar club (so I am told) was promptly organized. But in the Boston club, instead of being murdered, the unhappy drawer of the fatal card was required to offer himself in marriage within six months after the drawing of the lots. No restriction was placed upon his choice of a lady, the only obligation being that, within the appointed time, he should, in good faith, ask some woman to marry him. The club, in the meanwhile, was to be informed of the object of his choice, and, while one-half of its members were to seek the lady out and insidiously disparage her desperate suitor, the other half were to leave no stone unturned in their efforts to persuade her of his shining virtues.

GLOVES AND JUDGES.—Judges used to be prohibited from wearing gloves on the bench, and gloves were not tolerated in the presence of Royalty. The covered hands were considered discourteous in the latter case, because the first gloves being gauntlets, it was equivalent to presenting the mailed, and consequently threatening hand to the king. In parts of England it was common to hang out a large gilt glove from the Town Hall in fair time as a token of freedom from arrest while the fair lasted. This custom probably originated at Chester, a city which was noted for its glove manufacture for several countries. The annals of the city show that Hugh Lupus, the first Norman Earl of Chester, granted to the Abbot and Convent of St. Werburgh "the extraordinary privilege that no criminals resorting to their fairs at Chester should be arrested for any crimes whatever, except such as they might have committed during their stay in the city." Hence this sign. A glove was hung out from the Town Hall at the High Cross while the fair lasted, and under its safeguard non-freemen and strangers carried on a roaring trade, which at other times was restricted to the citizens. The custom ceased about thirty years ago.

KEEP your tongue within your teeth.

THE HOUSE OF LIFE.

BY S. E. W.

The world itself is all one mighty dwelling
Under a starry roof; I rent my room,
And scarcely know who rents the next to me,
So great the mansion is; from floor to floor
We journey forth, and sometimes meet a friend;
Yet pass the total substance of our lives
In but one wing of this huge house of ours.
In Santa Rosa, or in far Japan,
There may, perhaps, this very moment be
The sweetest creature I could hope to win;
But all because there is a weary waste
Of land and sea between my room and hers,
The Fates decree that we shall never meet
Though born and bred within one common house.

HEART AND RING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NULL AND VOID," "MADAM'S WARD," "THE HOUSE IN THE CLOSE," "WHITE BERRIES AND RED," "ONLY ONE LOVE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

MR. SPENSER CHURCHILL had been having the very good time which a man might be expected to have who has had a magnificent palace with a host of obsequious servants placed at his disposal, and who is monarch of all he surveys—of another person's property.

He enjoyed himself amazingly. He went on pleasant little excursions to the neighboring towns; he ordered the richest and most luxurious dinners; he accepted the best of the numerous invitations which Lady Despard's neighbors freely accorded him, as a friend of her ladyship's left in charge of the Villa Rimini, and wherever he went he was voted a most charming and agreeable companion.

Indeed, since Percy Levant's departure no one had so completely won the hearts of the Florentine ladies as Mr. Spenser Churchill.

And do not for a moment suppose that the good man gave himself up to carnal enjoyment without giving a thought to his less fortunate fellow men.

No! The eminent and tender-hearted philanthropist remembered his poor brethren, and gave such touching accounts of the various charitable societies with which he was connected—"The Sweeps' Orphanage," "The Indigent Knife Grinders' Society," "The Society for the Distribution of Knives and Forks to the South Sea Islanders," and so on, that he succeeded in collecting a very tidy sum for these eminently deserving and practical charities, and everybody agreed that if ever there was a man too good for this sinful and selfish world, Mr. Spenser Churchill was indeed that individual!

So the days passed pleasantly—and profitably!—and on the morning of the sixteenth Mr. Spenser Churchill was sitting over the second bottle of Lady Despard's choicest claret with a cigarette between his lips, and his benevolent eyes half closed, with that expression of bland peace and serenity which only the truly good can experience, when a servant brought him a letter.

He eyed it with sleepy indifference until he saw the writing, and the man had left the room; he then tore the letter open eagerly.

"Dear Churchill," it ran; "The marriage takes place to-morrow morning. Come, without fail, to the Villa Vittoria here, at four o'clock to-morrow afternoon.—P. L."

Mr. Spenser Churchill's face grew radiant.

"I knew he'd do it! I knew it! What an eye for character I have. I should have made a good general! I know how to pick my men. I was confident Percy would do what I wanted! To-morrow! Oh, yes; I'll be there. Spenser, my dear friend, you have won the trick; you have—" he stopped, and a shade crossed his benevolent face. "I wish I'd made it twenty thousand instead of ten," he muttered wistfully; "I might just as well have done so; he would not have said anything, and he wouldn't have missed it. Why, her mother's portion, the settlement money, will bring her in five-and-twenty thousand a-year, and that will which the marquis is not capable of altering makes her the mistress of all his money. Yes, I might just as well made it twenty! However,"—and the smile beamed out again,—"dear Percy shall make it up to me. He would not like his wife to know of our little contract, I should think, and I might feel it my duty to tell her, unless—unless he made it worth my while to hold my tongue. Yes, Churchill, my dear friend, you have warmed your nest pretty well; and now"—filling his glass—"now for the enjoyment. No more of these beastly charitable societies; no longer any need for playing the saint. Let me see; I'll live in Paris, I think, most of my time. A man can enjoy himself in Paris without a parcel of fools interfering or holding him up to censure! In Paris or—yes, Constantinople. That's not bad! Oh, what a time I will have! And Cecil, dear Cecil, who used to sneer at me and treat me as if I were an impostor; I think, yes, I think, dear Cecil, I shall have the laugh on you this time, you and your beautiful bride! For I'm afraid I shall feel it my duty to tell you how completely you have been fooled. Yes, I think I must do that, really! To-morrow! To-morrow the new life begins. Hem! well, the old one hasn't been so bad! The charitable business has paid, it certainly has paid; but no more of it; I'm sick of it and the whole cant of it. I'll enjoy myself in a proper fashion, enjoy myself in my honestly earned wealth. Let me see! Ten thousand pounds, with what I have—ahem!—saved, together with say a thousand or two a-year out of dear Percy,—how grateful he will be, of course!—will make a nice little income. Spenser, my dear boy, you are a genius, and you ought to have been a general. Here's your health and future happiness!" and, with a chuckle, he filled his glass till it ran over, and drained it at a draught.

The Italians are not fond of high houses, and the Villa Vittoria, like most of its fellows in Pescia, covered a long space of ground, its rooms being arranged on two stories, with very few stairs and fewer corridors.

The apartments which the marquis occupied for his own personal use consisted of a sitting room, and a dressing room and bedroom adjoining, the latter divided from the sitting room by heavy curtains. On the other side of the centre room was a small ante-room which the marquis had not used; it was intended as a reception room for trades people or persons who paid visits of business.

Percy Levant on the occasion of his interview with the marquis had noticed—very few things escaped his quick eyes—the arrangement of the rooms, and at half past three on the afternoon of the sixteenth, the valet, who had received his instructions from Percy, ushered that gentleman, Lady Despard and Doris,—who were closely veiled,—into the ante-room, and softly closed the door.

Lady Despard raised her veil, and shrugged her shoulders deprecatingly.

"Well, here we are, my dear Percy," she said, in a low voice; "but I don't think anyone else in this world but you would have induced me to have come; and do you mean to say that you still decline to give us any explanation of these extraordinary proceedings?"

He shook his head as he drew Doris to a chair, into which she sank with a weary but resigned gesture.

"And you think that you are treating us properly by all this mystery; and on the dear child's wedding-day: for I suppose you two still mean to be married this evening? Or is this but a preliminary to the breaking off of the match: for, of course, I can see something is the matter between you two?"

And she dropped into the chair with a movement of impatience.

"I shall be ready to marry Doris this evening," said Percy Levant, holding Doris's hand. "It rests with her to decide, dear Lady Despard," and he crossed the room and bent over her appealingly. "When you consented to come here with her this afternoon, you did so knowing that I should have to keep you in ignorance of my motives; do you think I am not grateful for your confidence in me? Do you think I would inflict unnecessary pain on dear Doris?"

"N-o—I don't!" she said, with a languid irritability; "I'm quite ready to admit that you love her to distraction, but it certainly is enough to drive one out of one's senses, these mysterious proceedings of yours; and Doris tells me nothing, lately," she added.

Doris raised her lovely eyes pleadingly, but remained silent.

"Don't blame her," said Percy Levant gravely. "She, too, is in ignorance of this, which I am about to do, and my motives! She trusts me; will not you, Lady Despard?"

"Well, I suppose I must," she said, shrugging her shoulders. "But why have we come here? My acquaintance with the marquis is too slight to excuse this intrusion."

"If it is an intrusion that which will result from it will excuse it," he said. "The fact is," and he smiled rather sadly, "I have arranged a little comedy for your ladyship's amusement! Comedy and tragedy, alas, are very thinly divided: there is but a step between them. All I ask of you is that you will remain quiet and silent, whatever you may hear: and I intend you to hear all. Doris I can rely on," and he laid his hand upon her arm with a reverent, gentle touch.

"Oh, I'm not hysterical or nervous," said Lady Despard. "I shan't shriek, however sensational your conjuring trick—or whatever it is—may be. Come and sit beside me, dear, will you? and, Percy, remember, if the marquis should hear of our visit here, and want to know why on earth we came, I shall refer him to you."

"I abide by that," he said gravely. "And now I am going to leave you—" he added, as they heard the valet speaking to someone in the hall. "Doris," and he bent over her, "you will be patient and brave?"

She looked at him trustingly.

"I will be silent, at least. I can promise that," she in a low voice.

"I am content with that," he said. "And—and if you should hear that which might shake your faith in me——" he asked, his face pale and his lips quivering.

"Nothing can do that," she responded.

"We shall see," he said almost inaudibly, and left them, closing the door behind him.

Lady Despard took Doris's hand and caressed it.

"For all my bravado, I feel rather nervous, dear," she said with a forced laugh. "His manner has been so strange of late, and you—you have had something on your mind, Doris. Oh, of course I have seen that, though I would rather have died than asked you to tell me!"

"And I think I would rather have died than tell you!" said Doris with something like a sob.

"Has there been a quarrel between you—do you want the match broken off? For Heaven's sake speak while there's time if you do want it broken off!"

Doris shook her head sadly.

"No, I shall marry him this evening if he wishes it!" she murmured.

"If he wishes it! Why, of course—ah!" she broke off, her hand closing nervously upon Doris's burning fingers; "that is Spenser Churchill's voice!"

It was Mr. Spenser Churchill's voice, and as he was ushered into the centre room, he held out both hands to Percy Levant and smiled his sweetest smile.

"My dear Percy, may I congratulate you? May I?"

"You may," said Percy Levant, giving him a hand.

Spenser Churchill drew a very long breath and laughed, an oily laugh of vast contentment.

"Happy bridegroom! Lucky fellow!" he murmured. "This is the marriage day, eh?"

"This is the happy day, yes," said Percy Levant. "Sit down, won't you. I'm afraid you are tired. Let me offer you some wine?"

He went to the sideboard.

"I'm sorry there's nothing but brandy here. I'll ring for some——"

"Pray don't trouble, my dear Percy," said Spenser Churchill blandly; "a little brandy is an excellent thing, if taken in moderation."

Percy Levant mixed a stiff glass, and placed it before him.

"You can understand why I sent for you," he said, seating himself opposite to Spenser Churchill, whose back was turned to the curtains which divided this room from the marquis's dressing room. "My part of the contract being fulfilled, I want to know what my position really is, and whether this nonsense of yours has any particle of truth in it?"

Spenser Churchill stared indignantly.

"Young man!" he exclaimed solemnly; "this is the first time I have ever been accused—to my face—of falsehood! This nonsense! If you allude to the agreement—the perfectly legal agreement, which you signed, and which I hold—you will discover that it is anything but nonsense."

"I'm delighted to hear it, of course, said Percy Levant; "don't be angry! Well, then, seeing that I am to give you ten thousand pounds as a fee for your assistance in procuring me a wife, I should like to know all about my wife's property."

"Your wife! How well it sounds!" chuckled Spenser Churchill; then his face grew suddenly suspicious. "By-the way, my dear Percy, have you the marriage certificate? I am not of a suspicious nature. Heaven forbid! I am, indeed, too trustful and confiding; but I should like to see the certificate, my dear boy."

"Certainly," assented Percy Levant cheerfully; "I'll go and ask my wife for it. Indeed, she may as well be present——"

"No, no," interruped Spenser Churchill, putting out his hand. "Never mind; don't trouble. The fact is—ahem!—there are some things which Mrs. Levant—Mrs. Levant!—had better not hear. And to tell you the truth, my dear fellow, your wife is a young lady I'm not over anxious to meet. There's something about her which makes me uncomfortable. I'll—I'll take a little more brandy, my dear Percy,—a capital and useful spirit, if used in moderation. I have been recommended to take it by my medical man."

Percy Levant rose to get the decanter. As he did so, the curtain parted and Lord Cecil stood in the opening.

Percy Levant made a circuit so as to approach him.

"Remember our understanding, my lord, and wait!" he whispered.

Lord Cecil seemed to hesitate, his eyes fixed on Spenser Churchill suspiciously; then he dropped the curtain, which again concealed him.

"There you are! And now to business, Churchill."

"Yes, to business," said Spenser Churchill unctuously. "I daresay, my dear Percy you think I have earned that ten thousand pounds very easily—by the way, it ought to have been twenty, it ought, indeed!" and he shook his head solemnly.

"I'd as soon pay you twenty as ten," said Percy Levant carelessly.

"You would? Give me your hand, my dear boy!" exclaimed Spenser Churchill, with blind enthusiasm. "You are just what I always thought you: a noble youth, a truly noble and unselfish young man! You would just as soon give me twenty thousand!"

"Yes, or thirty! I'm as unselfish as you are," said Percy.

Spenser Churchill's emotion was so great at this fresh proof of his dear young friend's unselfish generosity, that he was constrained to turn his head aside and wipe his eyes.

"You are an honorable, a noble young man, my dear boy!" he murmured. "And now I will lay the whole story before you. But, as I said, don't think I have not earned my money! My dear Percy, are you aware that your wife was once engaged to Lord Cecil Neville, the marquis's nephew, the heir to the title? Eh?" and he chuckled.

"Really!"

"Yes, yes! Oh, it's true; and I assure you that they would have made a marriage of it but for me. Oh, don't look so surprised! Bless my soul, if I am not a match for a simple and confiding couple like those, why——" he raised his hand. "But it was a troublesome affair, my dear Percy, and cost me a deal of thought. And ra—ther risky, too!" he added thoughtfully. "Forged letters—ahem!—that is fictitious correspondence, though rendered inevitable by the circumstances of the case, is dangerous."

"I see," said Percy Levant distinctly. "You forged letters from Lord Neville to Miss Marlowe——"

"Yes. But, quietly, my dear Percy. Bless my soul, you and I don't want to publish our little mutual confidences on the housetops; and—er—this room is rather, I say rather, public, isn't it? What's behind those curtains? Good gracious!" and he half rose.

"My dear fellow, all the servants speak Italian," said Percy Levant, leaning back in his chair with a careless and indifferent air. "While you speak English you are quite safe!"

Spenser Churchill fell back.

"Oh, all right!" he said. "I rely on your discretion. Well, it didn't suit me that Cecil should marry Miss Marlowe for several reasons. One being that I could not drive a bargain with him as I could——" he stopped.

"As you could with a penniless adventurer like me," finished Percy Levant. "I understand. And so you succeeded in separating them and—selling her to me. That's quite clear. I've no doubt you managed it very cleverly; I should think forgery and that kind of thing would come easy to you, my dear Churchill."

"Sir! Mr. Levant!" exclaimed Spenser Churchill pugnaciously, and half rising from his chair; then, as he met the steady gaze of the dark eyes, he subsided again, and waved his hand pityingly.

"My dear Percy, you wrong me. What I did, I did as much to the interest of my dear friend the Marquis of Stoyle, and the young man himself. It was the marquis who assisted me, I assure you. Packed dear Cecil off to Ireland, and kept him

there—kept him there!—till I'd got his lady love away."

The curtains stirred behind the self satisfied triumphant plotter, but Percy Levant, unseen by his companion, held up his hand warningly.

"Really! And the marquis is gratified, no doubt. But after all, this is not my business. I want to know——"

Spenser Churchill leant forward and dropped his voice, but not to so low a pitch but that the listeners on either side of the room could hear distinctly.

"You want to know whom it is you have married. I'll tell you. Wait, you don't know the Marquis of Stoyle?"

"I've seen him," said Percy. "Speak louder, what are you afraid of, man? We are not two conspirators on the stage!"

"Quite right, my dear Percy. Conspirators! Certainly not! We are two men bound by a common impulse to—to—relieve,—benefit our fellow creatures, and—ourselves!"

"Exactly," said Percy Levant. "But go on. Remember that you have just congratulated me on my marriage, and that I am anxious to join my bride."

"Yes, yes. Well, then, are you aware, my dear Percy, that my friend the marquis was once married?"

"I know nothing about the Marquis of Stoyle."

"That he was married—" he stopped and laughed with unctuous enjoyment. "When I think of it, my dear boy, I'm always tickled by the desire to laugh. You must know that the young lady had three lovers; the marquis, a certain Jeffrey Flint, and—myself!"

And he laid his hand upon his heart and bowed.

As he did so, the curtains opened and three figures stood in the opening. They were those of Cecil, Lady Grace—and the trembling, emaciated form of the marquis himself.

White, deathly white, the old man stood clinging to Cecil's arm; his piercing eyes fixed on the smooth long-haired head of Spenser Churchill, with an expression in them which baffles all description.

Percy Levant rose, and under the pretense of filling Spenser Churchill's glass, made a warning gesture to them.

Lady Grace seemed about to speak, but the marquis turned upon her with an awful ferocity which seemed to deprive her of the power to speak or move.

Percy Levant sank back into his seat.

"Well?" he said.

Spenser Churchill sipped his brandy and water.

"Well, the case stood thus: The girl was engaged to the fellow Jeffrey. Consequently there was no chance for me. So, my dear Percy, I decided as most men of common sense would have decided, to—ahem,—assist the marquis. I did so, and bewildered and fascinated by the offer of a marchioness's coronet, Lucy accepted and married the marquis. The result was—er—rather disastrous. With all respect to my dear friend the marquis, I must say, my dear Percy, that if ever there was a fiend incarnate he was one! I don't wish to be hard upon a fellow mortal—Heaven forbid!—but if there is anything worse, more cruel and selfish and altogether unscrupulous than a fiend, then that being may yield the palm to the Most Honorable the Marquis of Stoyle!"

The marquis, shaking in every limb with fury, clutched Cecil's arm, who with some difficulty restrained him from rushing upon the oily-voiced speaker.

"Well, the natural result followed. The marchioness fled. Where, and to whom? Why, to her former lover, Jeffrey Flint. No, my dear Percy, her conduct was blameless. She died within a few hours after reaching him. She died, but she left a child, a girl, behind. That girl Jeffrey Flint adopted and called—can you guess her name?"

"Doris Marlowe," said Percy Levant hoarsely and with white lips: for this was a revelation to him.

Spenser Churchill lolled back in his chair with an unctuous smile of enjoyment.

"Right! Quite right, my dear Percy! Doris Marlowe! That is—ah, ah!—Mrs. Percy Levant!"

The marquis staggered, and clutched at Lord Cecil, and Lady Grace was rushing forward, but Cecil raised his hand, and, holding her face in her hands, she sank back.

"So Doris Marlowe is the daughter of the Marquis of Stoyle?" said Percy Levant.

"Just so," assented Spenser Churchill. "And now, my dear Percy, the cat is out of the bag; the daughter of the Marquis of Stoyle,—in other words, Lady Mary Neville! And the money! Well, I think you won't regret your liberal offer when I tell you that her mother's portion amounts to five-and-twenty thousand a year, and that her father has made a will which will leave all he can leave to her."

"Which he can unmake!" said Percy Levant.

"I think not," murmured Spenser Churchill blandly. "There have been later wills, I think, but—ahem!—I have taken charge of them——"

"You are an exceedingly clever fellow, Churchill."

"Y—es, I think I am! I honestly, and modestly, think I am! I ought to have been a great statesman, or a general, my dear Percy."

"You ought, indeed!" said Percy Levant. "But—pardon me!—although I believe every word you say most implicitly, I am afraid the world, including the marquis, will want some proofs. It is all very well to say that Miss Marlowe—that is my wife," he put in hurriedly—"is Lord Stoyle's daughter; but proof, proof, my dear fellow!"

"You're no fool, either, Percy," said Spenser Churchill. "Of course we want proofs, and here they are!" and he took some papers from his pocket. "Here is the certificate of marriage of Lucy—Miss Marlowe's mother—to the marquis; the certificate of Miss Marlowe's, otherwise Lady Mary Neville's, birth; a full and exhaustive statement of Lady Stoyle on her death-bed duly attested; and a statement of Jeffrey Flint. Pretty complete, I think."

"Complete, indeed! And how did you get them, Churchill? Upon my word, you are a cleverer man even than I thought you."

"How did I get them?" he repeated, lowering his voice; "I got them from Jeffrey Flint."

"He gave them to you?"

"Not exactly! My dear Percy, I took them. What use are papers to a dead man?" He stopped and turned pale, as the scene of Jeffrey's death rose before him. "But, don't let us talk of it; it—it was a most unpleasant affair, I assure you, my dear Percy. But you will, with your quick intelligence, soon understand how, once having those papers in my possession, I saw my way to making, with your assistance and Lady Grace's, a grande coup!"

"Lady Grace's eh?" said Percy.

Spenser Churchill laughed softly.

"My dear Percy, never despise woman They may be fools—I fear they generally are—but they are, oh, they are so useful! Without Lady Grace I could have done little or nothing; but she was really invaluable. Cecil—dear Cecil—was always suspicious of me; but, of course, he trusted Lady Grace, and she and I between us caught him. "Caught him" is the only expression applicable! To this day he considers himself under an obligation to her which only marriage can repay." He laughed. "Poor Cecil, I can't help pitying him; for between you and me, my dear Percy, I'd rather marry a tigress than the beautiful Lady Grace! But don't let us talk of him or her. Let us talk of ourselves. The whole thing has gone splendidly, though I say it Providence, my dear Percy," and he turned up his eyes, "has been on our side. The dear marquis—how surprised he would be if he knew this true story I have revealed to you!—is lying in a senseless and utterly incapable condition in London; Cecil and Lady Grace fare going to be, if they are not already, married; and you—you, my dear Percy, are the happy husband of Lady Mary, the daughter of the Marquis of Stoyle! Think of it! Realize it, and, oh, my dear Percy, make it twenty, instead of the ten you agreed upon! Here are the papers. They are at your service; indeed, I consider that they belong to you——"

He pushed the papers across the table, smiling with oily triumph and satisfaction, and Percy Levant leant forward to take them, when a thin, wasted hand clutched them claw-like, and a harsh, strained voice said:

"No! They are 'mine!'"

Percy Levant sank back into his chair, and wiped the perspiration from his brow; but Spenser Churchill sprang from his seat, and grabbed at the papers mechanically.

Then, as he encountered the piercing eyes fixed upon him, he, too, sank back and, in a terrified voice, gasped:

"The marquis!"

Then he half rose, and, with a grotesque attempt at a smile, wagged his head at Percy Levant, who stood erect and on the alert.

"This—this—is a very pretty little plot, my dear Percy," he said; "but you don't imagine that the dear Marquis will take your word against 'mine!' Marquis," and he managed to raise his eyes to the fierce face with a ghastly attempt at a smile, "I am sorry that you should have been deceived by what was palpably an attempt on my part to lure this gentleman into a trap. He is—you don't know him, but I do, and I must introduce him. This man is an adventurer, a scamp who would sell his soul for a ten-pound note. You won't let his word weigh against mine—against Spenser Churchill's!"

"It is very true, my lord," said Percy Levant. "As this man says—I am an adventurer. I have been willing to sell my soul for a ten-pound note; I am utterly unworthy of belief," his voice grew hoarse and broken, "and it is only the influence of a woman's pure and spotless nature that has, at the eleventh hour, induced me to stop short in the villainous work to which this man tempted me. I am as bad as he—up to this point. I ask for no mercy, no indulgence, no credit; from his own lips you shall judge him, and from the papers you have in your hand."

The Marquis just glanced at him—no more, then turned his fierce eyes upon Spenser Churchill again.

"Very good," said Spenser Churchill, shrugging his shoulders, and stretching a trembling hand towards his hat; "I—I leave the whole business to you, my dear Marquis. I will not condescend to—to answer the accusations which—which——" he shuffled nearer to the door, and his heart rose as he saw that neither Percy Levant nor the Marquis made any attempt to stop him, "which my character will enable me to—to repel. I wish you joy of your success, Mr. Percy Levant, and—and good morning."

He made an ironical bow as he back towards the door, and was turning to make a rush for it, when Lord Cecil stepped before him.

At sight of him Spenser Churchill's face grew livid, and he put up his hand as if to ward off an expected bow; but Lord Cecil scarcely looked at him, and passed to the Marquis's side.

"Is—is this true, my lord?" he demanded hoarsely.

The Marquis dropped into a chair, and, still clutching the papers, gazed up at him with a wild despair which would have touched even Lord Cecil if he had not loved Doris too well to think of anyone but her.

"It is true, my lord!" said Percy Levant, solemnly and sorrowfully. "Would to Heaven that both he and I had lied! It is true every word of it! The separation between Miss Marlowe and yourself was worked by Spenser Churchill; he did, by word and deed, sell her to me."

Lord Cecil made a movement as if to strike him, but Percy Levant stood patient and unresisting.

"And yet more, my lord! it was he who set the trap which caught you and handed you fettered and bound to his accomplice."

"Grace! It is—it must be—a lie!" broke from Cecil's white lips.

A hollow laugh rang out behind him, and Lady Grace glided from her dressing room. All eyes were fixed upon her as she stood, her exquisitely clad form posed in an attitude of contemptuous defiance. A hectic flush burned on her cheeks, and she swept the group with a disdainful glance, as she fanned herself.

"Permit me to bear my testimony to this gentleman's veracity," she said. Spenser's face, which had cleared suddenly at her appearance, fell again, and he shrank back and leaned against the wall, where he stood nervously passing his hands over each other. "What he states is quite correct. I don't know how he discovered it, but he seems to have made a tool of dear Mr. Churchill, while dear Mr. Churchill was under the pleasing delusion that he had got a submissive and willing dupe in him. It is probable that he knows the whole scheme. For it was a scheme, Cecil, and," with a disdainful smile, "a very good one. Any but the most trustful of men would have seen through it. I compliment you, my dear Cecil—I suppose I must say Lord Cecil now!—upon your credulity."

Cecil looked at her, seeing her utter shamelessness.

"I am utterly at a loss to conceive why my dear Mr. Churchill should have exerted himself on my behalf. Of course, I knew it was from no love he bore me—but I understand it all now!"

Cecil turned his back upon her, and leaning his elbow on the mantel-shelf, covered his eyes with his hand.

"Mr. Spenser Churchill is really and truly a remarkably clever man; but, like some other clever men, he has chosen his tools badly. I can't understand why he should have confided in a person of Mr. Levant's character!" and she shot a contemptuous glance from under her half closed lids at his pale face. "But having done so, he has, of course, been betrayed. 'Put not your trust in—adventurers' will for the future be an excellent motto for him!"

She laughed, and the fan moved a little more quickly.

"And now, having borne my testimony to the truth of Mr. Levant's assertions, I have only to express my sympathy for 'dear' Mr. Churchill's discomfiture, and your disappointment, my dear Cecil—" her face grew red, and her delicately moulded nostrils expanded with a malignant enjoyment; "your terrible disappointment! If you had only known this a few hours earlier, why you would have thrown off your 'new' love, and been on with the 'old!' But as it is, Mr. Levant, with all his newly-born penitence, has been clever enough to secure Miss Marlowe, otherwise the Marquis's daughter, for his wife, and you are tricked. It is a vulgar word, Lord Cecil, but it is the only suitable one."

She laughed again, and her fan moved rapidly.

"Won't you see—or do you?—this penitent and terror-stricken gentleman's game. You don't! Why, you observe that he has married the lady he wanted, and by his betrayal of his accomplice saved his ten thousand pounds. Mr. Levant, I congratulate you upon your dexterity," and she made him a sweeping curtsey. "Mr. Spenser Churchill is clever, I admit. I too, always had an idea that I possessed a turn for intrigue; but you—oh, you are a genius, and the honors remain in your deserving hands."

Percy Levant remained as silent, as impassive, as a statue; but Spenser Churchill, whose face had reflected every word Lady Grace had uttered, began to draw himself upright, and a low, chuckling laugh broke from him.

"You are right," he said, half gloatingly, half fearfully; "you and I are out of the game, dear Lady Grace; but I think—I really do think that dear Lord Cecil is in the same boat! Yes, Mr. Levant has been one too many for us all. All! My dear Cecil, you have my profound sympathy in the loss of the young lady you had set your heart on. My dear Marquis, if I may be permitted to offer a word of humble advice, I should reccommend you to forgive your newly found daughter, the "ballet girl"—no! pardon "the actress;" and welcome as a son-in-law the gentleman upon whom she has bestowed her hand. It is true that he is an adventuer; that he sprang from the gutter; that he bought her and captured her by a plot; but he is her husband after all, and really he is no worse than the stock from which she sprang. He will be a worthy addition to the house of Stoyle! Forgive the young couple—the adventurer and the actress—and make them happy with your blessing. Do! my dear Marquis."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HOW TO KISS.—If you are tall and she is short, says a St. Louis paper, you must stand erect, draw her close to your side, bend your head somewhat, so that your lips will rest resignedly on her forehead, place her right hand on your shoulder, then your left arm around her waist. By this time her left hand will be snugly imprisoned in your right hand. She will raise her face to look up at you. Draw your arm for a moment from around her waist and gently tip her head backward and to the side, then—well, that is one way.

The other is, if she is tall and you are short, stand on your toes, not on her toes, mind. Draw her head down nicely until her lips are on a level with your forehead. By that time your lips will be on a level with her diamond collar-button. You will look up to her, of course. Your eyes, from the proximity to her lips, will read what she is about to say. If their motion bodes any good, then it is safe for you to make the exertion. If they bode evil, why, a la Aunt Bridget, "stay where you are—stay where you are," This is the other way.

Next, if you are both of the same height and proportions, you will—but there, space is valuable.

GOOD MORAL HABITS.—Habits of industry, attention, regularity, order, obedience should be formed long before the child can understand their import or know why they should be practised. Gradually he will come to see their value, and will continue to observe them from other and better motives which at first could have no effect. Just as we teach him to walk or to read, so good moral habits must be formed by the same process if the character is ever to acquire stability and strength.

A PROVERB.

BY A. G. E.

"A watched pot never boils," the old wives say;
Though Love himself to stir the embers strive,
Though Hope with laughing lips does all she may
To keep the fitful flickering flame alive.

Though Passion rouses with his fervid breath
A little glow, he wearies, and it dies,
And the heaped coals grow grey and chill beneath
The piteous pleading of Faith's wistful eyes.

Nay, Wisdom whispers, seek for other fare,
Nor waste life's summer in such useless toil.
In vain, the fond Trust, wrapped in love and prayer,
Sits by the hearth—"the watched pot never boils."

A Doomed Ship.

BY A. N. S.

OUT ON THE broad blue ocean, not far from the equator, thousands of miles from any land, lying motionless on a calm sea, was a dismasted ship. Nothing remained of her taunt masts and spars but the mizenmast, the bowsprit, and jib and flying jibbooms.

From the mizen topsail, and cross-jack yards, hung a few ragged strips of canvas, and out at the far ends of the flying jib-boom depended part of the stay and some fragments of a sail, torn and rent, just as it had been left after the fierce gale which had rendered this gallant ship so helpless a wreck.

Not a breath of wind was stirring in the heavens; not a cloud was in the deep-blue sky; not a ripple or flaw disturbed the far-stretching ocean. It was high noon, and the sun was almost vertical. All was silent.

The sun was pouring down its fierce tropical rays on the blistered deck and on the vast, calm sea! There she lay, a spectral ship upon a silent ocean.

There was not a sign of life on board, not a sound could be heard, except now and again when a swirl of water made the rudder-chains rattle and creak, as the wheel moved a few spokes backwards and forwards; or, when an albatross flapped up from the sea, hovered over the ship, and then flew away in the distance.

The day passed slowly, as many days had passed; the sun began to sink lower and lower in the western sky, and once more, like a blood-red shield, it sank into the bosom of the ocean, leaving behind it a flood of erubescent light, which tinged the sky with its ensanguined hues, and these, reflected in the water beneath, caused the ship to appear as though she was floating in a sea of blood.

The crimson faded into orange and pink, and then the evening stole slowly over the scene; then one by one the stars came out and studded the whole of the cloudless firmament.

Suddenly there came from the cuddy window a stream of light, and a man, gaunt and emaciated, peered out on to the deserted deck.

A few minutes afterwards another gleam of light shot from a small aperture in the door of the forecastle deck-house, and two eyes, cruel, reddish brown eyes, also peered cautiously out.

These two men had been waiting and watching for each other's death. They were the Captain and mate of the vessel, who, when the crew had taken to the boats, had refused to desert her.

For days and weeks—how many they had no idea, for they had lost all count of time—they had been alone on the pathless deep.

At first, they had made the best of their situation; day by day hoping and expecting that succor would come and they should be rescued.

They had put themselves on short allowance of both food and water; but, notwithstanding, the food was at length nearly consumed, the water was quite exhausted, so that they had nothing left drinkable but a few bottles of wine and brandy.

To the torture of hunger was now added the agony of raging thirst—a thirst which neither wine nor brandy would quench, but rather intensify.

Anything more horrible than their situation cannot be imagined, and the dreadful conviction was being forced upon them that they must die.

This was the state of affairs three days previous to the opening of this story. The Captain was sitting with his eyes apparently closed, and the mate was watching him with eager, hungry eyes.

Up to this point the mate had been the most hopeful of the two; but now he had abandoned himself to despair.

No succor could reach them he knew while the calm lasted; but this was not the terrible thought that was haunting his mind.

"One of them must die—the death of the one would be the preservation of the other."

This was the mental refrain which, as it were, formed the chorus to every other thought.

"The death of one would be the preservation of the other."

He sat there eyeing the Captain with a diabolical leer. He was no longer a man he was a demon.

Suddenly he started up; by a revulsion of feeling, which is not uncommon in such cases, he had passed from helpless despondency into furious delirium.

With a hoarse cry he sprang at Captain Dunnett, brandishing a long knife in his hand. A fierce struggle ensued; it was short and sharp, and the mate, after being disarmed, was pushed forward, and fell violently upon the deck.

Captain Dunnett was the younger and stronger of the two, and, had he been so inclined, could have dispatched the man with ease; but he contented himself with disarming him, threw the knife into the sea, retreated to the cabin, and shut and locked the door.

The mate after this grew more furious, and after vainly attempting to enter the cabin, withdrew to the forecastle and took up his abode there; and now for three days he had been waiting and watching for the Captain's death.

To be buried alive has been thought to be beyond question the most painful of all deaths; but it is doubtful if the long-drawn agonies which were being endured by these two men were not more painful of the two.

"How long—how long can this last?" moaned Captain Dunnett, as he sat and gazed out into the night.

A painful sort of apathy was stealing over him. He had no hope, he made no effort, he had no longer any wish to live. If death were coming, his only prayed was that it might come quickly.

Slowly, minute by minute, the life was ebbing out of him; and as surely, with a tortoise-like gradation, the night crept on. The moon had risen, and now, in full-orbed splendor, was riding high in the heavens, casting a long wake of silvery light on the placid sea which danced and flickered right away to the distant horizon.

The two lights still gleamed on the deserted deck, and the two watchers still watched on.

Meanwhile, nature had not been idle. Away, in the distant horizon, great masses of fleecy clouds began to pile themselves one above another, gradually extending themselves across the northern heavens. The cloud-packing went on for more than half an hour, accompanied by hot puffs of wind which now and again ruffled the waters.

The sky every minute grew blacker, and the clouds more dense; vivid flashes of lightning shot across the sky, and there were mutterings of thunder in the distance.

The silent watcher in the cuddy saw nothing, and heard nothing of all this. His head had sunk heavily on his bosom, and he slept.

Suddenly there was a noise beneath the deck like the scratching of a rat; then, slowly and noiselessly, the trap-hatch under the table was lifted, and through the aperture a head, with curly red hair and fierce eyes, appeared. They were those of Jarvise the mate.

After pausing to see that all was clear, he placed his hands on the deck, and then, with a supreme effort, he silently lifted himself into a sitting posture, and again he paused to listen.

He could hear the regular breathing of his companion as he sat sleeping peacefully, and a grim smile of satisfaction passed across his wild and haggard face.

Silently and stealthily he crawled clear of the table, and then stood up erect on his feet. His eyes glared wildly, and his breath came quick and short as he drew a knife from his bosom and poised himself to strike.

All unconscious of his peril, Captain Dunnett slept on. He had no idea of danger from such a quarter; no idea that the mate had for two days past been laboring with maniacal patience and tenacity to clear an opening through the cargo, and had at length succeeded in making his way to the cabin hatch.

Jarvise stood over his intended victim, his eyes glittering with diabolic light; the blow was in the act of descending, when his arm was arrested.

The cabin was suddenly illuminated with a blue, electric light, and a peal of thunder, loud as the crack of doom, broke over the ship. The maniac stood with his arm raised, as though it had suddenly been paralyzed.

The crash of the thunder awoke Captain Dunnett from his slumbers, and he sprang to his feet. He took in the situation at a glance; and, flinging himself on his would-be murderer, sought to disarm him.

The struggle was for dear life, and the mate fought savagely. But at last the Captain's superior skill and strength prevailed, and Jarvise was once more at his mercy.

"Strike, man—strike!" shrieked the mate. "It is your life or mine!"

"You are mad, Jarvise!" exclaimed the Captain.

"Yes, I am; but strike, man—strike! Put an end to this torture; I can stand no more of it."

"No!" cried the Captain, throwing him from him.

Then he left the cabin, locking the door behind him.

Out on the deck a grand and startling sight met his view. The whole of the northern part of the heavens was enveloped in the blackest darkness, while the southern half was clear and bright. The next instant the northern half was ablaze with the most vivid light.

But it was not this that caused such excitement in the breast of Captain Dunnett. The central object of this scene was a large brig, not more than a mile and a half distant, bearing down to their succor, under a press of canvas.

For a second or two he stood rooted to the spot. Then, in a wild transport of joy, he threw up his arms, and cried:

"Saved! Saved! Thank Heaven! Thank Heaven!"

All thoughts of Jarvise's diabolical attempts on his life vanished, and in an instant he had unlocked the cuddy door, and seizing the mate by the arm, dragged him, half-stunned and dazed by his fall, out on the main deck, and, as another flash of lightning disclosed the brig again to their view, cried:

"There! there! See what a merciful Heaven has sent us!"

A second or two afterwards, a vivid flash of lightning moved over the mizen-mast; it ran down the mast, which tottered, and; with a crash, fell over the side.

With the first crash of thunder that followed, Jarvise rushed toward the side, and was in the act of springing into the sea, when Captain Dunnett seized him by the collar, and flung him violently back on the deck, where he lay, stunned and bleeding.

The lightning flashed almost incessantly. The wind came in hot puffs. The brig still held her course.

By this time she was within half a mile of them. But suddenly the hot puffs ceased, and she lay motionless on the water.

All this while Captain Dunnett and the mate, who had soon recovered his consciousness, stood watching her in an agony of suspense.

The gloom was rapidly deepening; the clouds were hurrying on; the moon and the stars had all disappeared, and the sky was one vast pall of inky blackness.

Broad sheets of lightning now and again shot up from the bosom of the ocean, illuminating the whole mass of sea and clouds with a blue, spectral light, which made the portentous aspect of the heavens more visible, while the silence, when unbroken by the thunder, was solemn and oppressive.

But what is that curling up from the open hatch in the cabin? It is smoke! At first it came in small wreaths; but now it is pouring out in a great volume.

The ship is on fire!

The lightning, which had shivered the mizen-mast, had descended into the hold and set fire to the cargo, and the conflagration was spreading rapidly.

The two men, when they made this discovery, stood appalled with horror. They knew they were standing, as it were, on a volcano, for, in the magazine below, was stored a quantity of gunpowder, which might explode at any moment and blow the ship to atoms.

The smoke belched forth in large volumes, and now and again a bright, flickering flame shot up from the hatchway.

In another few minutes the flames were pouring into the cuddy, and the whole structure was on fire.

The flames extended, and in less than ten minutes the whole of the after part of the ship was on fire, the lurid glare lighting up the superincumbent clouds and leaden sea, and producing a scene of surpassing grandeur.

And now another danger was threatening them. Away in the distance there was a dull, sobbing moan, which each minute became more distinct—the tornado was fast approaching.

The last time the had looked at the brig she was lying becalmed; and they had imagined that at the rate the conflagration was extending, there was little chance of succour arriving in time to save them, for now the deck was getting hot under their feet, and the fire had extended to the forecastle deck-house; but at that moment they were startled by a sharp cry of "Ship ahoy! Ship ahoy!" and, looking in the direction from when the sound came, they saw a boat, manned with four oars, pulling rapidly towards them. In another minute the welcome sound of "In bow!" was heard, and the boat was alongside.

No time was to be lost; the storm was brewing in the north, and, if it burst upon them before they reached the ship, their doom was certain.

Again, the powder in the hold might explode at any minute, so they hurriedly lowered themselves into the boat and pushed off.

While the second mate was rescuing the two men from the burning ship, the Captain and mate of the brig were making all preparations for the coming gale; and, before the boat had got alongside, the sails had been furled and everything made snug.

Captain Dunnett and his mate had been kept up by the excitement of the situation, but the moment they were on board the brig they fainted dead off, and were taken below in a state of unconsciousness.

This had scarcely been accomplished, and the quarter boat hoisted up and made fast, when the tornado burst upon them with terrific fierceness.

For a few minutes they could neither see nor hear anything but the roaring of the tormented waters and the howling and thundering of the wind.

At first the brig reeled and bent before it; then she rose up, and, like a furious steed, dashed on frantically in the wake of the burning wreck.

It was a scene of grandeur and horror, which it would be difficult to equal, and excited awe in every heart. The force of the wind was tremendous, and the two vessels drove on madly before it.

The wreck was now one mass of flames, the red glare of which lit up the foaming sea and the sky above, showing the outlines of the brig, and the faces of her crew, with terrible distinctness.

The two vessels were running in parallel lines, and were not more than half a mile apart. Suddenly a towering mass of smoke and flame shot up into the sky. This was followed by a terrific report, and then all was black darkness. The powder in the magazine had exploded, and that was the last that was ever seen of that poor doomed ship.

All that night the gale continued, and shortly after daylight it moderated, and by noon it had blown itself out, the clouds rose, and the weather cleared up.

Captain Dunnett and the mate were attended with all the kindness and attention which was necessary for men in their exhausted condition.

Jarvise was delirious; and many weary days and restless nights passed before he showed any signs of recovery. But he pulled through at last.

The Captain was also for a time entirely prostrate; but he, too, gradually regained his strength, and in a fortnight was on deck again.

Poor Jarvise was greatly embarrassed when he first met his old commander. He was naturally of a humane disposition; and now that the frantic passion which was begotten of despair had passed away, he was heartily ashamed of his conduct.

"I was not myself, Captain Dunnett," he said, apologetically. "I was mad with hunger and despair. The devil seemed to have got into my heart; and when I reflect on the thoughts that passed through my mind, and the things I planned during that time, my mind is filled with horror, and I blush with shame when I think of them."

"I am sure you do, Mr. Jarvise," replied the Captain, soothingly; "let us forget all about it."

"Forget it, Captain Dunnett!" cried the mate, plaintively; "I shall never forget it! The misery and the torment of that dreadful time will haunt me to my dying day."

"A dreadful time, truly," replied the Captain, solemnly; "and I can only pray Heaven that no other two men may ever be called on to pass through such a dreadful ordeal as we did."

"Amen!" cried the mate.

The King of Snakes.

BY J. D. K.

I'VE SEEN a good many strange things in my time, but the strangest thing I ever saw was up in the north of India about two years after I first went out; and it was so remarkable in every way that I would never have believed it if I hadn't seen it myself.

In all your travels in India, have you ever been at a place called Jabalpur or Jubbulpore, just about midway across from Bombay to Calcutta? Well, then, you must remember the military cantonment which lies just on the edge of the great plain that stretches all the way from the native town to the foot of the citadel rock. That's where I was quartered at the time, and that's where the thing happened that I'm going to tell you about.

Just then I was very much taken up with finding out all I could about serpent charming; for, since I came out to India, I had heard so much of it, and seen so little (the few performances that I had seen being very poor affairs indeed) that I thought of nothing else day and night.

So you may think how pleased I was when, about a week after we got to Jubbulpore, poor Charlie Delamere (who was killed two years later in one of the battles of the Sikh War) came bursting into my quarters one morning, calling out:

"Now, Dick, old boy, here's a chance for you. There's a serpent charmer going to perform in the 'compound' (courtyard), and my fellow Lal Dass says he's the best man they've got in the whole district."

Out I flew like a rocket, and there, sure enough was a tall, bony fellow in Hindu dress, sitting on the ground, with a big round basket in front of him, out of which he drew three or four cobra, the deadliest snake in all India.

He took up two of them, one in each hand, and let them coil round and round his arms; and then he twisted another round his neck like a rope; and then he took three more out of the basket, and began to play on a reed pipe, whereupon the three last snakes reared up on end, and began to sway themselves to and fro in time to the music.

By this time, what with ourselves and what with our native servants, as well as the hangers on of the cantonment, there was a pretty big crowd gathered round him; and we were all staring as hard as we could, when suddenly the dancing snakes stopped short, and the others that were wriggling about his neck and wrists stood as still as if they were turned to stone.

The conjurer looked black as night, and blew away harder than ever; but to all appearance he might have blown till his teeth fell out, for his snakes never budged. All at once a sort of whistle was heard from the crowd, and instantly the snakes dropped off the conjurer's body, and ran straight towards the throng of people, and the dancing snakes ran after them.

As you may think, the crowd scattered in all directions when they saw these deadly creatures coming right at them; and one man—the only one who didn't run away—was left standing by himself in the middle of the courtyard.

Now, there was nothing out of the way in this man's appearance. He was simply a small, meagre, very dark native, in ordinary Eastern dress. But, the moment I set eyes on him, I felt something as like downright fear as a soldier would care to confess; and so, apparently, did the snakes themselves; for when they came up close to him (which they did, as I could not help fancying, more as if mastered by some overwhelming force than of their own free will), they stopped short suddenly, and lay outstretched in the dust, as though dead or dying. And as if that wasn't enough, the old serpent charmer himself came crawling along after his snakes, and, crouching before this unknown man, whined imploringly—

"Mercy, mercy, Rajah Nagon!" (King of Snakes).

"King of Snakes!" muttered our senior captain; "there was a fellow of that name who did wonderful things when I was at Nagpur three years ago, and this man is a good deal like him. Can he be the same party?"

He spoke so low that even we could only just hear what he said; but to our utter amazement, the stranger (who stood at least twenty yards away) instantly answered, in perfectly good English:

"I am that man, and what I did then I can do now. Here, fellow," he added, turning to the serpent charmer, who was still cowering at his feet, "take up thy snakes and be gone!"

The conjurer obeyed, seemingly very glad to get away; and I noticed that as he picked up the snakes they began to wriggle most violently, as if life had just come back to them.

"Pooh! it's all rubbish!" whispered Charlie Delamere to me. "The fellow can no more do wonders than I can; it's only that he's a little better snake charmer than the other fellow."

Then the mysterious man raised his head, and I saw his eyes for the first time. I can't tell you what a turn they gave me, and no wonder, for if ever I saw a serpent's eyes in a man's head, I surely saw them then.

They were small, and as green as emeralds; and when he opened them fully they flashed and sparkled as if they were on fire.

"If I do something which no one else could do, Capitaun Sahib," said he, looking straight at Delamere, "will you believe that I can work wonders then?"

Charlie looked rather queer, as well he might; for it seemed impossible for any mortal ears, however quick, to hear at twenty yards' distance a whisper that I could barely catch when it was spoken right into my ear. But he wasn't going to let himself be put down so easily, and he answered—

"If you could draw together into one place all the snakes in that jungle behind us, then, perhaps, I might think something of your power."

"I can do that, too," said Rajah Nagon, not boastfully in the least, but just as any man might state a well-known fact.

We all looked at each other, not knowing quite what to say to this; and two or three of us were beginning to laugh (though I can tell you I wasn't one of them), when the colonel himself struck in.

"If you can do as you say, Rajah Nagon," cried he, "I'll gladly give you a hundred rupees" ($50) "for the job, for I've lost two men already by snake bites, and I don't want to lose any more."

"To-morrow at sunrise it shall be done," answered the Snake King, as quietly as ever.

And then he disappeared into the crowd so suddenly that nobody could see where he went to, and plenty of the native servants were ready to make oath that he had vanished before their very eyes.

I can promise you we were all up early next morning; and long before sunrise every man of our mess was out on the plain in front of the cantonment, to see what would happen. But when we got there, it seemed as if the whole town had turned out; for the news of what was to be done had run through the whole place, and the story lost nothing in the telling.

Just as the first ray of sunshine streamed along the great plain, our friend the King of Snakes appeared in the midst as suddenly as if he had risen through the earth, which I've no doubt the natives fully believed that he had. Instantly the whole crowd fell back, and left him standing alone.

Then he fixed those terrible eyes of his upon the edge of the jungle, and, stretching out his hands towards it, as if beckoning some one to him, broke out into a kind of chanting song.

It was the wildest, weirdest, ghostliest kind of sound that I ever heard—now low and dreary as the moan of a sick child, and then again swelling up shrill and high, like the blast of a storm through a leafless forest.

I can't say how it affected the others, but I know it made me tingle from head to foot; and if I hadn't stopped my ears, I think I should have gone mad.

Presently we saw a strange glistening all along the the dark border of the jungle, and then the ground in front of it began to quiver and creep, as if it were alive; and when we looked closer, the whole surface was one sheet of crawling snakes of all colors and sizes—large and small, venomous and non-venomous alike—all coming straight onward to where the Serpent King stood alone in their midst, with outstretched hands, chanting his ghostly song.

But here, again, it seemed to me that they came on as if drawn by an irresistible power, rather than of their own accord; and once or twice I thought (though it may have been only my fancy) that I could see some of them struggle to stop short and turn back to the jungle.

Altogether, it was anything but a pleasant sight, although I could not turn my eyes away from it. But the colonel viewed it in a very different light, and lost no time in sending out parties of native soldiers upon the flanks of this serpent army, with swords, bill hooks, or heavy bamboo clubs.

And now the massacre began in earnest. Kill, kill, kill, they went on, till the ground was fairly paved with scaly bodies; but fresh hosts came on every moment, right over the corpses of their comrades, without ever pausing or showing any sign of fear.

And still Rajah Nagon's weird song swelled higher and higher, as if keeping time to the blows of the destroying clubs and swords.

Just then I saw Charlie Delamere at my elbow, looking as white as a ghost.

"I'll never make fun of that fellow's power again," whispered he. "They say seeing's believing, and I'd never have believed this if I hadn't seen it."

At last the uproar of shouting and striking began to die away. No more snakes were seen coming out of the jungle.

Those that had come out already were all killed, and our men came back quite tired out with killing them; but when we looked about for the Snake King himself he was gone.

He never came back to claim his promised reward, and from that day (though I often heard his name in different parts of India) I never set eyes on him again.

LIFE'S REALITIES.—There is an Eastern story, which has its version in many languages, of a beautiful damsel, to whom a genius of surpassing power desired to give a talisman. He enjoined her to take herself across a field of standing corn; she was to pluck the tallest and largest ear she could find, but she was to gather it as she went forward, and never pause in her path, or step backward in search of her object. In proportion to the size and richness of the ear she gathered so would be its power as a talisman. Many a tall stock of surpassing excellence met her glance, but she still walked onward, expecting always to find one more excellent, till at last she reached a portion of the field where the crops were thinner and the ears more stunted. She regretted the tall and graceful stalks she had left behind, but disdained to pick those which fell so far below what her ideas were of a perfect ear. But, alas! the stems grew more ragged and more scanty as she trod onward. On the margin of the field they were mildewed, and when she had accomplished her walk through the waving grain, she emerged on the other side without having gathered any ear whatever. We may apply this mystic little Luscha fable to the realities of daily life.

QUEER STREET PAVEMENTS.—A German engineer, Herr Busse, has made some experiments with India rubber pavement in the town of Linden, in Hanover. The first attempt was on the carriage road over the Goethe bridge, and the result was so favorable that the work was extended. Experiments are now being carried on in Berlin and Hamburg, and the results have been extremely satisfactory. India rubber is said to combine the hardness of the stone pavement with the elasticity of asphalt, but rubber pavement does not become so slippery as asphalt. Of other unusual materials for pavement it may be mentioned that, both in St. Petersburg and Cronstadt, cast-iron is used to a considerable extent for the pavement of streets, the surface being of course, cast in such a manner as to give the horses a safe footing.

CURIOUS BEQUEST.—A curious testamentary clause in the will of a New York gentleman was the following—"I own seventy-one pairs of trousers, and I strictly enjoin my executors to hold a public sale at which these shall be sold to the highest bidder and the proceeds distributed to the poor of the city. I further desire that these garments shall in no way be examined or meddled with, but be disposed of as they are found at the time of my death, and no purchaser to buy more than one pair." The sale was held, and the trousers were sold to seventy-one purchasers, each of whom discovered in one of the pockets bank-notes representing a thousand dollars.

THE expenditures of Paris actresses for their dresses have reached such an extravagant figure that at least one well-known actress has refused to continue her engagement because she could not afford to buy the dresses needed for a new play that was about to be produced. Her salary was $6,000 per year, and her dresses alone had cost her $5,000 during the last year, although there had been but three plays.

THEY are the strong ones of the earth, the mighty food for good or evil—those who know how to keep silence when it is a pain and a grief to them; those who give time to their own souls to wax strong against temptation, or to the powers of wrath to stamp upon them their withering passage.

Scientific and Useful.

PURE MILK.—The demand for pure milk in cities and towns is likely to increase faster than the population. Multitudes of people are not yet aware of its value as an article of daily diet. Milk and bread are far better for children than the cakes and pies that are fed to them in such abundance now. As the laws of health become better known such things as milk and eggs will have a better market. They are natural products, while cakes, pies and the whole brood of condimental dishes are devices that discredit good sense more or less.

TO LESSEN ACCIDENTS.—A very useful invention, tending to lessen the possibility of accidents in factories, is now being extensively adopted in England. The breaking of a glass, which is adjusted against the wall of every room in the mill, will at once stop the engine, an electric current being established between the room and the throttle valve of the engine, shutting off the steam in an instant. By this means the engine was stopped at one of the mills recently in a few seconds, and a young girl whose clothes had become entangled in an upright shaft was released uninjured.

RUBBER GLOVES.—From Boston comes the report that so many accidents have been caused by the picking up of live electric wires by people who were ignorant of the risk they were taking, that the Board of Police in that city has ordered that the inspector of the police signal service provide all divisions of the department with two pairs of rubber gloves, rubber-handled nippers and "climbers," such as are used by linemen in climbing telegraph poles. One pair of each of these articles will be kept in the wagon house and the others in the station, so as to be at hand in the case of an emergency.

COPAL VARNISH FOR WINDOWS.—A Continental exchange, referring to the evil of fading or bleaching of many kinds of colored articles when exposed in the store windows, says that this fading or bleaching is brought about only by the white rays of the sun's light, and, where it occurs, it shows that the glass is more or less perfectly colorless. It is found that if, instead of such colorless glass, the window panes consist of glass which is slightly yellow the bleaching or fading process is prevented. Where the glass is colorless and cannot be replaced by slightly yellowish tinted glass the desired effect may, it is said, be produced by simply giving the panes a coating of copal varnish.

Farm and Garden.

COWS.—What the farmers need is to learn the peculiarities of each cow, and then feed the ones that make most cheaply the product he wants to make and sell.

THE FENCE CORNERS.—The fence corners should be as clean as any other portion of the farm. They are the harboring places of vermin and a fruitful source of weeds.

OXEN.—Does it pay to keep oxen? Where the roads are rough in winter, and travel very difficult, an ox team can be made serviceable, especially for hauling wood or heavy loads. Where the roads are kept in good condition the horses are better adapted for service.

SWAMP LAND.—Thousands of acres approaching the character of swamp land, profitless in cultivation and worth little for grazing, because their grasses are of low quality, may be made more productive than the adjacent lands by judicious draining, and nothing more.

CARE IN KEEPING.—Butter, cream, milk, and flour are peculiarly liable to absorb effluvia, and should therefore never be kept in mouldy rooms or places where there are sour liquids or green vegetables, such as onions, cabbages, and turnips, smoked fish or bacon, or any kind of food of a strong flavor.

HOGS.—A Nebraska farmer is quoted as saying: "When my hogs become sick and refuse to eat, instead of dosing them with medicine, I load a few of them into a wagon and take them out riding, driving pell-mell over the lots and pastures, seeking the roughest places I can find. After a few such drives hogs that before refused to eat begin to feed and get better. I have not lost a single hog since I began this treatment."

WOOD-CHOPPING.—The most dangerous part of wood-chopping is cutting off saplings freshly beat over by falling trees. At the first stroke they will usually split up, and one portion flies back or sideways with power sufficient to knock a horse over or pierce him through. Choppers have lashed their axes to long poles and done their cutting from a safe distance. Another dangerous operation is to cut down a tree when another chopped-off tree leans against it, for it can seldom be told which way they will fall, and then the leaning tree is liable to drop straight down at any moment and catch the chopper in a "deadfall."

SELF conceit is mostly blind to the merits of others, as well as to its own defects.

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THE POST will send as a premium to every person who sends us $2 00 for one year's subscription in advance, either the magnificent picture of "CHRIST BEFORE PILATE," which we have described in former issues, or the two splendid companion photo-gravures "IN LOVE" and "THE PEACEMAKER." They are printed on heavy-toned paper, and are in size 12 x 16 inches each. The subject of the first named "In Love" represents a young couple dressed in the fashion of our grandfathers and grandmothers, sitting under a tree in the garden of an old-time mansion. The maiden is sewing and the lover after the style of the period, is paying her most courteous attention. Everything in the work is full of life and beauty. In the second picture, "The Peacemaker," the couple have plainly had a quarrel. Both pretend to want to part, and at the same time both are evidently glad of the kind offices of a young lady friend who has just come upon the scene, and wishes to have them "make it up." Each picture tells its own story completely, and each is the sequel and complement of the other. Prettier works of art or neater pictures for the ornamentation of a parlor or sitting-room, never came from the hands of an artist.

Remember we send either "Christ Before Pilate," or the *Two* Splendid Companion Photo-gravures "In Love" and "The Peacemaker," all postage paid to each subscriber who sends us $2 00 for THE POST one year.

Resolutions.

When the bells were ringing as the Old Year died, there were millions of people who shaped all kinds of emphatic resolves concerning their conduct for the coming year.

It seems odd that men should regulate their spiritual and temporal affairs according to the movements of the earth around the sun; but so it is. Perhaps we should rather say "attempt to regulate," for, although millions of excellently virtuous promises may be made, yet most of them are sadly in danger of passing into oblivion before the spring flowers begin to peep.

We are such hopeful creatures, we all have such a powerful secret belief in ourselves, that no feat of self-denial or strenuous effort seems to be at all difficult—while it is still in the distance.

Those who have traveled much and made the acquaintance of many must have noticed how vigorously the feeblest of persons believe in some visionary power which they believe they will exercise in the dim future.

The worst of us always hopes to do better; the besotted drinker hiccoughs out his determination to do better after New Year's Day; the thief in prison vows that he will lead a new life when he enters the world once more; the gambler, who is more plagued with remorse than any other man, usually is ready to swear that he will not touch cards or dice any more when once the momentous point of time is passed.

Whither fleet all the passionate resolves? Whither fleet all the prayers and hopes? Alas, the majority fly away into the limbo of dead things, and they have no more effect on human life and fortunes than the sough of a wind that has blown long years ago!

To us there is nothing droll in this futile exertion of feeble wills; the mere fact that the exertion is made at all affords one hopeful symptom to the generous observer.

If all the thousands of diaries scribbled on New Year's Eve could only be brought in one flash before a discerning man, he would not mock the poor folk who set forth so very confidently their programme for the New Year.

Truly we have need of humble hearts! We have a notion that differs widely from that of the ordinary moralists—we think that when a resolution is once definitely uttered it may generally be regarded as a nullity.

In years of searching we have not been able to find a reason for this mysterious phenomenon, but we know it is an indubitable fact, and one of the strangest in our strange life.

We never yet knew a person good at performance who was free with promising.

Let us diverge for a moment and pick up a curious illustration which seems singularly apposite. If you question thoroughly about a hundred students who have just undergone a severe six-days' examination, you will find that almost all of them will say, "As soon as ever my papers were done, I felt as if the whole subject had passed clean out of my mind."

Over and over again men have ejaculated, when they looked at their own old examination exercises, "How on earth did I ever write that?" The effect of severe training remains, but definite facts fade a little after the brain has once put them into words.

In much the same way it seems as though a resolve becomes weakened when once made vocal.

Take the case of work. Only a few exceptional persons ever like work for its own sake, and some men are fond of making the most elaborate promises in their diaries as to the prodigies of regular toil which they intend to perform. Somehow these exploits are never brought off; the resolution is uttered and it fades into futility.

Our experience is that, if you have anything to do, the best plan is to say nothing about it even to yourself, but, without any "high-falutin" resolves, start at once, and bear the pinch of starting bravely, until, like a cramped jade, you have warmed to work.

That is a piece of simple advice, but most people, we think, will find it useful.

We have found it about the maddest thing conceivable for a man to delay starting on any task until he feels "in the humor." With every delay the "humor" grows weaker and weaker, until at length it vanishes altogether, and we have the artists who are disreputable sots, the poets who cannot write a line, and the journalists who lurk, shirtless and shoeless, in public houses, and the mechanics who come to the workhouse.

We say, "By all means let your mind lie fallow at intervals, but never let your rest last very long. A systematic idler may do grand work; a chronic idler is a pestilent abomination."

One of the most foolish penmen who ever pretended to speak with authority had the impudence to say recently that the Philistine test of production is vulgar. He meant that a man need not do anything so long as he has latent power.

What a pretty doctrine for the charlatans! What a pretty tenet for the poets who cannot turn out a song! We hope no one will take his advice.

The safe plan is to keep your resolution to yourself, like a sort of central fire; barely whisper it to your own heart; go straight at your task and start it without thinking anything save that there is an effort to be made and that, as in the hunting-field, "the longer you crane the less you will like it."

ALWAYS suspect a man who affects great softness of manner and unruffled evenness of temper, and an enunciation studied, slow and deliberate. These things are all unnatural, and bespeak a degree of mental discipline into which he who has no purpose of craft or design to answer, cannot submit to drill himself. The more successful knaves are usually of this description—as smooth as razors dipped in oil, and as sharp. They affect the innocence of the dove, which they have not, in order to hide the cunning of the serpent, which they have.

THE healthful body demands that the muscles be used to keep them strong and vigorous; nor does it shrink from the task. But afterwards it also demands quiet and repose with equal imperativeness, and if either be denied its normal strength will decline, its life will deteriorate, and of course the happiness which comes from physical health will diminish in like ratio. Just so it is with all human faculties.

HAPPINESS is the very light and sun of the whole animated universe; and where she is not it were better that nothing should be. Without her, wisdom is but a shadow, virtue a name; she is their sovereign mistress; for her alone they labor—to enjoy and to communicate her is their effort and the consummation of their toil.

NO man is without some quality by the due application of which he might deserve well of the world; and whosoever he be that has but little in his power, should be in haste to do that little, lest he be confounded with him that can do nothing.

THERE is a holy love and a holy rage, and our best virtues never glow so brightly as when they are excited in a just cause. Sloth, if it has prevented many crimes has also smothered many virtues; and the best of us are better when aroused.

SMALL miseries, like small debts, hit us in so many places and meet us at so many turns and corners, that what they want in weight they make up in number, and render it less hazardous to stand a cannon ball than a volley of bullets.

THERE are degrees of contentment; but it will be found that the most contented are those who are engaged in useful work of some kind, down into which thought flows, and that the least contented are those who are idle.

THE happiness that is quite understood at last becomes tiresome; to give it a zest we must have ups and downs; the difficulties which are usually mingled with love awaken passion and increase pleasure.

DISAPPOINTED love makes the misery of youth; disappointed ambition that of mankind, and successful avarice that of old age. These three attack us through life, and it is our duty to stand our guard.

IF we can take to duty kindly and make of her a lifelong friend, she will reassure the heart that feels that it is breaking, and give it a foretaste of happiness perhaps when it shall really break at last.

IF we could throw ourselves away, like broken china, every time we think we have spoiled ourselves and all our story, the backyards of creation would be full of broken flinders of us.

TAKE all reasonable advantage of that which the present may offer you. It is the only time which is really ours. Yesterday is buried forever; to morrow we may never see.

INCIVILITY is not a vice of the soul, but the effect of several vices—of vanity, ignorance of duty, laziness, stupidity, distraction, contempt of others and jealousy.

WE ought not to look back unless it is to derive useful lessons from past errors, and for the purpose of profiting by dear bought experience.

ENVELOPED in a common mist, we seem to walk in clearness ourselves, and behold only the mist that enshrouds others.

READING furnishes the mind only with materials of knowledge; it is thinking that makes what we read ours.

MAKE no excuse for doing wrong.

The World's Happenings.

"Leo," Long Branch's beer drinking dog, is dead.

A bill awarding pensions to army nurses has been introduced in Congress.

It is estimated that 110 000 000 European eggs were eaten in the United States last year.

A boom for Dom Pedro's election as President of Brazil has been started in the new Republic.

A jeweller named Luck, in Baldwinsville, N. Y., has been burned out twice since November last.

A description sent to the Columbus, O. police headquarters said a missing man was 65 years old and small for his age.

The grip took in the whole country, and the deaths from it are computed at 10,000, of which Baltimore had the largest proportion.

West Chester is preparing to send a shipment of large walnut logs to Germany, where they are to be cut up for veneering and gun stocks.

A negro baby at Hopkinsville, Ky., which is just three months old, can talk with fluency and distinctness. It is the daughter of a preacher.

A Nebraska farmer says that when his hogs lose their appetite he takes them out riding in a lumber wagon and jolts them over the roughest places he can find.

A St. Louis physician thinks it just as important that the ears of railroad employes, and particularly the ears of locomotive engineers, should be scientifically tested as well as their eyes.

Christopher Columbus lives at Egg Harbor City, N. J. He recently testified there in a murder case. Christopher said that death, in his opinion, was not too great a punishment for an extravagant wife.

A dog in Long Branch has developed a penchant for running to fires, and cannot only discern the fire alarm but knows whence the alarm is sent, and proceeds there at the top of his speed and in full cry.

At Auburn, Cal., a woman, while watching her hens scratching in the garden, saw them unearth a bright object and try their bills upon it. She took it into the house and it proved to be a piece of gold worth $57.

Farmer Becker, of Coolbaugh, Luzerne county, found a 300-pound bear under his haystack a few days ago. He and his son, a strapping young fellow of 22, had a tussle with it and after a hard fight they killed it.

Daniel Glock and his wife, of Carondelet, Me., in celebrating their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary also celebrated the 50th birthday of each. The birthday of each of their three children falls also upon the wedding anniversary.

A French woman has got up a public contest, the proceeds of which are to be devoted to the relief of the sufferers from the Antwerp fire, in which the prize is to be awarded to the woman who speaks the most words in an hour.

Two beggars—Charles Gerke, aged 58 years, and Mary Eichmiller, aged 60—were recently married at Louisville, Ky. When the Magistrate asked the groom how they would get their support he answered: "Hustle around and live some way."

The people of New South Wales, who are objecting to the scheme for printing advertisements on the back of postage stamps, base their protest not so much on æsthetic grounds as upon the theory that the ink on the reverse side leaves a bad taste in the mouth when one "licks" a stamp.

A gentleman who has just returned from France says that the American ambulances, which were introduced into Paris a year or two ago, are now one of the recognized institutions of the French capital. People stand and cheer as they go up along the street, and ambulance drills are given to all distinguished foreigners.

Mr James A. Bradley, of Asbury Park, has been putting up drinking fountains for men and horses, and beneath some of them are little foot-high water troughs. Over one of these little troughs Mr. Bradley has thoughtfully caused to be painted a small sign, so that no dog who has eyes need go thirsty. This sign reads. "For dogs."

W H. Mallock, author of "Is Life Worth Living?" has established a bureau in London where men who have no engagements for an evening may register themselves as "disengaged diners," and there may be sought by hostesses who have invited fourteen, but whom an unlucky chance has set a trembling through fear of having thirteen at a table.

Among the exhibits at the Convention of the Western Packers' Canned Goods Association, in Indianapolis, were two cans containing beef soup, part of a lot prepared for the United States navy in 1819. "The contents are supposed to be in good condition; if not, the fermentation and creation of gases within would break the seal. The soup to-day is, therefore, 71 years old."

A prisoner down in St. Augustine, Fla., who begged enough money from passers-by to purchase some whiskey and then couldn't get the bottle through the bars, manufactured a funnel out of stiff paper and with it made connection between his mouth and the bottle. He didn't repeat the operation, however, for the jailer wisely removed him to a cell that did not open in to the street.

The meanest man in Maine lives near Lewiston. He had an only son, who was drafted and killed in the war. The father now says: "I was short-sighted in not paying $400 for a substitute, for I have been forced to hire a man ever since to help carry on the farm, and it has cost me thousands above the price of a substitute. Besides, he was a master hand to work, and the smallest eater I ever saw."

An eccentric old man, who lives at Shelby, Mich., imagines he is President of several railroads. He meets every train, gives orders to the trainmen, passes through the cars, and asks passengers for suggestions as to the management of the road, and claims a back salary of one million dollars for fifteen years' services. He decorates himself with all imaginable badges and insignia of his office, and deports himself with great dignity.

LIFE'S LABOR.

BY W. F. G.

Don't dream, but act, my brother:
Out in the race of life,
Be earnest in thy younger years,
Be active in the strife.

High be thine aim, and steadfast,
Thy hope be bright and clear;
Let Prudence guide thy footsteps,
And Faith be ever near.

And silently, but steadfastly,
Act well Life's nobler part;
The downcast soul support and cheer,
Comfort the trembling heart.

Go forward in Life's struggle,
Out in the race of life;
Be earnest in thy younger years,
Be active in the strife!

The Dak Bungalow.

BY MRS. JOHN CROKER.

AND so you two young women are going off on a three days journey all by yourselves in a bullock tonga, to spend Christmas with your husbands in the jungle?"

The speaker was Mrs. Duff, the wife of our deputy commissioner, and the two enterprising young women were Mrs. Goodchild, the wife of the police officer of the district, and myself, wife of the forest officer.

We were the only ladies in Karwassa, a little up country station, more than a hundred miles from the line of rail.

Karwassa was a pretty place, an oasis of civilization, amid leagues and leagues of surrounding forests and jungle; it boasted a post office, public gardens (with tennis courts), a tiny church, a few well-kept shady roads, and half-a-dozen thatched bungalows, surrounded by luxuriant gardens.

In the hot weather, all the community were at home, under the shelter of their own roof-trees and punkahs, and within reach of ice—for we actually boasted an ice machine. During these hot months we had so to speak, our season.

The deputy commissioner, forest officer, police officer, doctor and engineer were all "in," and our gaieties took the form of tennis at daybreak, moonlight pic-nics, whist parties, little dinners, and now and then a beat for tiger, on which occasions we ladies were safely roosted in trustworthy trees.

It is whispered that in small and isolated stations the fair sex are either mortal enemies or bosom friends? I am proud to be in a position to state that we ladies of Karwassa, came under the latter head.

Mrs. Goodchild and I were especially intimate; we were nearly the same age, we were young, we had been married in the same year and tasted our first experience of India together, we lent each other books, we read each other our home letters, helped to compose one another's dinner-made costumes and poured little confidences into one another's ears.

We had made numerous joint excursions in the cold season, had been out in the same camp for a month at a time, and when our husbands were in a malarious or uncivilized district, had journeyed on horseback or in a bullock tonga and joined them at some accessible spot, in the regions of dak bungalows and bazaar fowl.

Mrs. Duff, stout, elderly and averse to locomotion, contented herself with her comfortable bungalow at Karwassa, her weekly budget of letters from her numerous olive-branches in England and with adventures and thrilling experiences at second-hand.

"And so you are off to morrow," she continued, addressing herself to Mrs. Goodchild. "I suppose you know where you are going?"

"Yes," returned my companion promptly, unfolding a piece of foolscap as she spoke; "I had a letter from Frank this morning, and he has enclosed a plan copied from the D. P. W. map. We go straight along the trunk line for two days, stopping at Koral bungalow the first night and Kular the second, you see; then we turn off to the left on the Old Jubbulpore Road and make a march of twenty-five miles, halting at a place called Chanda; Frank and Mr. Loyd will meet us there on Christmas Day."

"Chanda—Chanda," repeated Mrs. Duff with her hand to her head. "Isn't there some queer story about a bungalow near there—that is unhealthy—or haunted—or something?"

Julia Goodchild and I glanced at one another significantly.

Mrs. Duff had set her face against our expedition all along; she wanted us to remain in the station and spend Christmas with her, instead of going this wild-goose chase into a part of the district we had never been in before.

She assured us that we would be short of bullocks, and would probably have to walk miles; she had harangued us on the subject of fever and cholera and bad water, had warned so solemnly against dacoits, and now she was hinting at ghosts.

"Frank says that the travellers' bungalows after we leave the main road are not in very good repair, the road is so little used now that the new railway line comes within twenty miles; but he says that the one in Chanda is very decent, and we will push on there," returned Julia firmly. Julia was nothing if not firm, she particularly prided herself on never swerving from any fixed resolution or plan. "We take my bullock tonga, and Mr. Loyd's peon Abdul, who is a treasure as you know; he can cook, interpret, forange for provisions, and drive bullocks if the worst comes to the worst."

"And what about bullocks for three days' journey—a hundred miles if it's a yard?" inquired Mrs. Duff sarcastically.

"Oh, the bazaar master has sent on a chuprassie and five natives, and we shall find a pair every five miles at the usual stages. As to food, we are taking tea, bread, plenty of tinned stores and the plum pudding. We shall have a capital outing I assure you, and I only wish we could have persuaded you into coming with us."

"Thank you my dear," said Mrs. Duff with a patronizing smile. "I'm too old, and I hope too sensible to take a trip of a hundred miles in a bullock tonga, risking fever and dacoits and dak bungalows full of bandicoots, just for the sentimental pleasure of eating a pudding with my husband. However, you are both young and hardy and full of spirits, and I wish you a happy Christmas, a speedy journey and safe return. Mind you take plenty of quinine and a revolver," and with this cheerful parting suggestion, she conducted us into the front verandah and dismissed us each with a kiss, that was at once a remonstrance and a validiction.

Behold us the next morning, at sunrise, jogging off, behind a pair of big white bullocks, in the highest spirits.

In the front seat of the tonga we had stowed a well-filled tiffin basket, two Gladstone bags, our blankets and pillows, a hamper of provisions, and last, not least, Abdul.

Julia and I and Julia's dog "Boss" occupied the back seat, and as we rumbled past Mrs. Duff's bungalow, with its still silent compound and closed venetians, we mutually agreed that she was "a silly old thing," that she would have far more enjoyment of life if she were as enterprising as we were.

Our first day's journey went off without a hitch.

Fresh and well-behaved cattle punctually awaited us at every stage.

The country we passed through was picturesque and well-wooded; doves, peacocks and squirrels enlivened the roads, big black-faced monkeys peered at us from amid the crops that they were ravaging within a stones-throw of our route.

The haunt of a well-known man-eating tiger, was impressively pointed out to us by our cicerone Abdul—this beast resided in some dense jungle, that was unpleasantly close to human traffic.

Morning and afternoon wore away speedily, and at sundown we found ourselves in front of the very neat travellers' bungalow at Koral.

The interior was scrupulously clean, and contained the usual furniture; two beds, two tables, four chairs, lamps, baths; a motley collection of tea cups and plates, and last not least, the framed rules of the establishment and visitors' book.

The khansamah cooked us an excellent dinner (for a travellers' bungalow), and tired out, we soon went to bed and slept the sleep of the just.

The second day was the same as the first—highly successful in every respect.

On the third morning we left the great highway and turned to the left, on to what was called the Old Jubbulpore Road, and here our troubles commenced! Bullocks were bad, lame, small or unbroken; one of Mrs. Duff's diamal prophecies came to pass, for after enduring bullocks who lay down, who kicked and ran off the road into their owners' houses, or rushed violently down steep places, we arrived at one stage where there were no bullocks at all.

It was four o'clock, and we were still sixteen miles from Chanda.

After a short consultation, Julia and I agreed to walk on to the next stage or village, leaving Abdul to draw the neighborhood for a pair of cattle and then to overtake us at express speed.

"No one coming much this road now, mem sahib," he said apologetically; "village people never keeping tonga bullocks—only plough bullocks, and plenty bobbery."

"Bobbery or not, get them." said Julia with much decision; "no matter if you pay four times the usual fare. We shall expect you to overtake us in half-an-hour," And having issued this edict we walked on, leaving Abdul, a bullock man and two villagers all talking together and yelling at one another at the top of their voices.

One road was dry and sandy, and lay through a perfectly flat country.

It was lined here and there by rows of graceful trees, covered with wreaths of yellow flowers; now and then it was bordered by a rude thorn hedge, inside of which waved a golden field of ripe jawarri; in distant dips in the landscape we beheld noble tops of forest trees and a few red-roofed dwellings—the abodes of the tillers of the soil; but on the whole the country was silent and lonely; the few people we encountered driving their primitive little carts stared hard at us in stupefaction, as well they might—two mem sahibs trudging along with no escort except a panting white dog.

The insolent crows and lazy blue buffaloes all gazed at us in undisguised amazement as we wended our way through this monotonous and melancholy scene.

One milestone was passed and then another, and yet another, and still no sign of Abdul, much less the tonga.

At length we came in sight of a large village that stretched in a ragged way at either side of the road.

There were the usual little mud hovels, shops displaying, say two bunches of plantains and a few handfuls of grain, the usual collection of gaunt red pariah dogs, naked children, and unearthly-looking cats and poultry.

Julia and I halted afar off under a tree, preferring to wait for Abdul to chaperon us, ere we ran the gauntlet of the village streets.

Time was getting on, the sun was setting, men were returning from the fields driving bony bullocks before them; women were returning from the water well, retailing bits of scandal; at last, to our great relief, we beheld Abdul approaching with the tonga, and our spirits rose, for we had begun to ask one another if we were to spend the night sitting on a stone under a tamarind tree without the village.

"No bullocks," was Abdul's explanation. The same tired pair had come on most reluctantly, and in this village of cats and cocks and hens it was the same story, "no bullocks." Abdul brought us this heavy and unexpected intelligence after a long and animated interview with the head man of the place.

"What was to be done?" we demanded in a breath.

"Stop here all night; going on to-morrow!"

"Stop where?" we almost screamed.

"Over there," replied Abdul, pointing to a grove of trees at some little distance. "There is a travellers' bungalow; Chanda is twelve miles off."

A travelers' bungalow! Sure enough there was a building of some kind beyond the bamboos, and we lost no time in getting into the tonga and having ourselves driven in that direction.

As we passed the village street, many came out and stared, and one old woman shook her hand in a warning manner, and called out something in a shrill cracked voice.

An avenue of feathery bamboos led to our destination, which proved to be the usual travelers' bungalow with white walls, red roof and roomy verandah; but when we came closer, we discovered that the drive was as grass-grown as a field; jungle grew up to the back of the house, heavy wooden shutters closed all the windows, and the door was locked.

There was a forlorn, desolate, dismal appearance about the place. It looked as if it had not been visited for years.

In answer to our shouts and calls no one appeared, but as we were fully resolved to spend the night there, we had the tonga unloaded and our effects placed in the verandah, the bullocks unhackled and turned out among the long rank grass.

At length an old man in dirty ragged clothes and with a villainous expression of countenance appeared from some back cook house, and seemed anything but pleased to see us. When Abdul told him of our intention of occupying the house he would not hear of it.

"The bungalow was out of repair; it had not been open for years: it was full of rats; it was unhealthy; plenty fever coming. We must go on to Chanda."

Naturally we declined his hospitable suggestion. "Was he the khansamah—caretaker of the place?" we inquired.

"Yes," he admitted with a grunt.

"Drawing government pay, and refusing to open a travelers bungalow!" screamed Julia. "Let us have no more of this nonsense; open the house at once and get it ready for us or I shall report you to the commissioner sahib."

The khansamah gave her an evil look, said "Missus piease," shrugged his shoulders and bobbled away, as we hoped to get the key, but after waiting ten minutes we sent Abdul to search for him, and found that he had departed—his lair was empty.

There was nothing for it but to break the padlock on the door, which Abdul effected with a stone, and as soon as the door moved slowly back on its hinges Julia and I hurried in.

What a dark, damp place! What a smell of earth, and what numbers of bats; they flew right in our faces as we stood in the doorway and tried to make out the interior.

Abdul and the bullock man quickly removed the shutters and let in the light, and then we beheld the usual dak sitting room—a table, chairs and two charpoys (native beds), and an old pair of candlesticks; the table and chairs were covered with mould; cobwebs hung from the ceiling in dreadful festoons, and the walls were streaked with dreary green stains. I could not restrain an involuntary shudder as I looked about me rather blankly.

"I should think this was an unhealthy place!" I remarked to Julia; "it looks feverish—and see—the jungle comes right up to the back verandah—fever plants, castor oil plants, young bamboos—all growing up to the very wall."

"It will do very well for to-night," she returned. "Come out and walk down the road whilst Abdul and the bullock man clean out the rooms and get dinner. Abdul is a wonderful man—and we won't know the place in an hour's time; it's just the same as any other travelers' bungalow, only it has been neglected for years. I shall certainly report the old wretch! The idea of a dak bungalow caretaker refusing admittance and running away with the key! What is the name of this place?" she asked, taking out her pocket book; "did you hear?"

"Yes; I believe it is called Dakor."

"Ah, well! I shall not forget to tell Frank about the way we were treated at Dakor bungalow."

The red, red, sun had set at last—gone as it were, abruptly behind the flat horizon; the air began to feel chilly, and the owl and the jackal were commencing to make themselves heard, so we sauntered back to the bungalow, and found it indeed transformed: swept and garnished and clean.

The table was neatly laid for dinner, and one of our own hurricane lamps blazed upon it, our beds had been made up with our rugs and blankets, one at either end of the room; hot water and towels were prepared in a bath-room, and we saw a roaring fire in the cook-house in the jungle.

Dinner, consisting of a sudden death fowl, curry, and bread and *pate de foie gras*, was, to our unjaded palates, an excellent meal.

Our spirits rose to normal, the result of food and light, and we declared to one another that this old bungalow was a capital find, and that it was really both comfortable and cheerful, despite a slight *arriere pensee* of earth in the atmosphere.

Before going to bed we explored the next room, a smaller one than that we occupied and empty save a rickety camp table which held some dilapidated crockery and a press! The press smelt strongly of mushrooms, and contained a man's topee, inch deep with mould, a tiffin basket and the bungalow visitors' book.

We carried this away with us to read at leisure, for the visitors' book in dak bungalows occasionally contain some rather amusing observations.

There was nothing funny in this musty old volume! Merely a statement of who came, and how long they stayed, and what they paid, with a few remarks, not by any means complimentary, to the khansamah: "A dirty, lazy rascal," said one; "A murderous-looking ruffian," said another; "An insolent, drunken hound," said a third—the last entry was dated seven years previously.

"Let us write our names," said Julia, taking out her pencil; "Mrs. Goodchild and Mrs. Loyd; December 23rd. Bungalow deserted, and very dirty khansamah. What shall we say?" she asked, glancing at me interrogatively,

"Why, there he is!" I returned with a little jump, and there he was sure enough, gazing in through the window. It was the

face of some malicious animal, more than than the face of a man, that glowered out beneath his filthy red turban. His eyes glared and rolled as if they would leave their sockets, his teeth were fangs, like dogs' teeth, and stood out almost perpendicularly from his hideous mouth; he surveyed us for a few seconds in savage silence and then melted away into the surrounding darkness as suddenly as he appeared.

"He reminds me of the Cheshire cat in "Alice in Wonderland," said Julia with a would-be facetiousness, but I noticed that she looked rather pale.

"Let us have the shutters up at once," I replied, "and have them well barred and the doors bolted. That man looked as if he could cut our throats."

In a very short time the house was made fast. Abdul and the bullock man spread their mats in the front verandah, and I retired for the night. Before going to bed we had a controversy about the lamp I wished to keep it burning all night (I am a coward at heart), but Julia would not hear of this—impossible for her to sleep with a light in the room—and in the end I was compelled to be content with a candle and some matches on a chair beside me. I fell asleep very soon.

I fancy I must have slept long and soundly, when I was awoke by a bright light shining in my eyes.

So, after the ridiculous fuss she had made Julia had lit the candle after all! This was my first thought, but when I was fully awake, I was mistaken, or dreaming. No, I was not dreaming, for I pinched my arm and rubbed my eyes There was a man in the room, apparently another traveller, who appeared to be totally unaware of our vicinity, and to have made himself completely at home.

A gun case, a tiffin basket, a bundle of pillows and rugs—the usual Indian traveller's belongings—lay carelessly scattered on the chairs and the floor.

I leant up on my elbow and gazed at the intruder in profound amazement. He did not notice me, no more than if I had no existence—true, my charpoy was in a corner of the room and rather in the shade, so was Julia's.

Julia was sound asleep and (low be it spoken) snoring. The stranger was writing a letter at the table facing me. Both candles were drawn up close to him and threw a searching light upon the features.

He was young and good-looking, but very, very pale—possibly he had just recovered from some long illness.

I could not see his eyes, they were bent upon the paper before him; his hands, I noticed, were well shaped, white and very thin.

He wore a signet ring on the third finger of the left hand, and was dressed with a care and finish not often met with in the jungle.

He wore some kind of light Norfolk jacket and a blue bird's eye tie. In front of him stood an open dispatch box, very shabby and battered, and I could see that the upper tray contained a stout round-about bag, presumably full of rupees, a thick roll of notes and a gold watch.

When I had deliberately taken in every item, the unutterable calmness of this stranger, thus establishing himself in our room, came home to me most forcibly, and clearing my throat, I coughed—a clear decided cough of expostulation, to draw his attention to the enormity of his situation. It had no effect—he must be stone deaf! He went on writing as indefatigably as ever. What he was writing was evidently a pleasant theme, possibly a love letter, for he smiled as he scribbled.

All at once, I observed that the door was ajar—two faces were peering in, a strange servant in a yellow turban, with cruel, greedy eyes, and the khansamah!—their gaze was riveted on the open dispatch box, the money, the roll of notes and the watch.

Presently the travelers' servant stole up behind his master noiselessly, and seemed to hold his breath; he drew a long knife from his sleeve.

At this moment the stranger raised his eyes and looked at me. Oh, what a sad, strange look! a look of appeal.

The next instant I saw the flash of the knife—it was buried in his back; he fell forward over his letter with a crash and a groan, and all was darkness.

I tried to scream, but I could not. My tongue seemed paralyzed; I covered my head up in the clothes, and, oh, how my heart beat! thump, thump, thump—surely they must hear it, and discover me. Half suffocated, at length I ventured to peer out for a second.

All was still, black darkness—there was nothing to be seen but much to be heard—the dragging of a heavy body, a dead body, across the room; then, after an appreciable pause, the sounds of digging outside the bungalow.

Finally, the splashing of water, some one washing the floor. When I awoke the next morning, or came to myself—for I believed I had fainted—daylight was demanding admittance at every crevice in the shutters; night, its dark hours and its horrors, was past.

The torture, the agony of fear, that had held me captive, now released me, and, worn out, I fell fast asleep.

It was actually nine o'clock when I opened my eyes. Julia was standing over me and shaking me vigorously, and saying, "Nellie, Nellie, wake; I've been up and out this two hours; I've seen the head man of the village."

"Have you?" I assented sleepily.

"Yes and he says there is no bullocks to be had till to-morrow; we must pass another night here."

"Never!" I almost shrieked. "Oh, Julia I've had such a night. I've seen a murder!" And straightway I commenced, and told her of my awful experiences "That khansamah murdered him. He is buried just outside the front step," I concluded tearfully. "Sooner than stay here another night I'll walk to Chanda."

"Ghosts! murders! walk to Chanda!" she echoed scornfully. "Why, you silly girl, did I not sleep here in this very room, and sleep as soundly as a top? It was all the *pate de foie gras*. You know it never agrees with you."

"I know nothing about *pate de foie gras*" I answered angrily; "but I know what I saw. Sooner than sleep another night in this room I'd die. I might as well—for such another night would kill me!"

Bath, breakfast, and Julia brought me round to a certain extent. I thought better of tearing off to Chanda alone and on foot, especially as we heard (per coolie) that our respective husbands would be with us the next morning—Christmas Day.

We spent the day cooking, exploring the country, and writing for the English mail. As night fell, I became more and more nervous, and less amenable to Julia and Julia's jokes.

I would sleep in the verandah; either there, or in the compound. In the bungalow again—never.

An old witch of a native woman, who was helping Abdul to cook, agreed to place her mat in the same locality as my mattress, and Julia Goodchild valiantly occupied the big room within, alone.

In the middle of the night I and my protector were awoke by the most piercing, frightful shrieks.

We lit a candle and run into the bungalow, and found Julia lying on the floor in a dead faint.

She did not come round for an hour and when she opened her eyes she gazed about her with a shudder and displaying symptoms of going off again, so I instantly hunted up our flask and administered some raw brandy, and presently she found her tongue and attacked the old native woman quite viciously.

"Tell the truth about this place!" she said fiercely. "What is it that is here, in this room?"

"Devils," was the prompt and laconic reply.

"Nonsense! Murder has been done here; tell the truth."

"How I knowing?" she whined. "I only poor native woman."

"An English sahib was murdered here seven years ago; stabbed and dragged out, and buried under the steps."

"Ah, bah! ah, bah! How I telling? this not my country," she wailed most piteously.

"Tell all you know," persisted Julia. "You do know! My husband is coming today; he is a police officer. You had better tell me than him."

After much whimpering and hand-wringing, we extracted the following information in jerks and quavers.

The bungalow had a bad name, no one ever entered it, and in spite of the wooden shutters there were lights in the windows every night up to twelve o'clock.

One day (so the villagers say), many years ago, a young sahib came to this bungalow and stayed three days. He was alone. He was in the forest department.

The last evening he sent his horses and servants on to Chanda, and said he would follow in the morning after having some shooting, he and his "Boy," but though his people waited two weeks, he never appeared—was never seen again. The khansamah declared that he and his servant had left early in the morning, but no one met them. The khansamah became very suddenly rich; said he had found a treasure, also he sold a fine gold watch in Jubbulpore, and took to drink.

He had a bad name,, and the bungalow had a bad name. No one would stay there more than one night, and no one ever stayed there for many years till we came. The khansamah lived in the cook house; he was always drunk.

People said there were devils in the house, and no one would go near it after sundown. This was all she knew.

"Poor fellow, he was so good-looking," sighed Julia when we were alone. "Poor fellow, and he was murdered and buried here."

"So I told you," I replied, "and you would not believe me, but insisted in staying and seeing for yourself."

"I wish I had not—oh, I wish I had not! I shall never, never forget last night as long as I live."

"That must have been his topee and tiffin basket that we saw in the presh," I exclaimed. "As soon as your husband comes we will tell him everything, and set him on the track of the murderers."

Breakfast on Christmas morning was a very doleful meal; our nerves were completely shattered by our recent experiences, and we could only rouse ourselves up to offer a very melancholy sort of welcome to our two husbands, when they cantered briskly into the compound.

In reply to their eager questions, as to the cause of our lugubrious appearance, pale faces and general air of mourning, we favored them with a vivid description of our two nights in the bungalow.

Of course, they were loudly, rudely incredulous, and, of course, we were very angry; vainly we re-stated our case, and displayed the old topee and tiffin basket; they merely laughed still more heartily and talked of "nightmare," and gave themselves such airs of offensive superiority, that Julia's soul flew to arms.

"Look here," she cried passionately, "I laughed at Nellie as you laugh at us. We will go out of this compound, whilst you two dig, or get people to dig, below the verandah and in front of the steps, and if you don't find the skeleton of a murdered man, then you may laugh at us for ever."

With Julia impulse meant action, and before I could say the words I was out of the compound, with my arm wedged under hers; we went and sat on a little stone bridge within a stone's throw of the bungalow, glum and silent enough.

What a Christmas Day! Half an hour's delay was as much as Julia's patience could brook.

We then retraced our steps and discovered what seemed to be the whole village in the dak bungalow compound.

Frank came hurrying towards us, waving us frantically away. No need for questions; his face was enough. They had found it.

Frank Goodchild had known him—he was in his own department, a promising and most popular young fellow; his name was Gordon Forbes; he had been missed but never traced, and there was a report that he had been gored and killed in the jungle by a wild buffalo

In the same grave was found the battered dispatch box, by which the skeleton was indentified.

Mr. Goodchild and my husband reinterred the body under a tree, and read the burial services over it, Nellie and I and all the village patriarchs attended as mourners.

The khansamah was eagerly searched for—alas! in vain.

He disappeared from that part of the country, and was said to have been devoured by a tiger in the Jhansa jungles; but this is to good to be true. We left the hateful bungalow with all speed that same afternoon, and spent the remainder of the Christmas Day at Chanda. It was the least merry Christmas we ever remembered.

The Goodchilds and ourselves have subscribed and placed a granite cross, with his name and the date of his death, over Gordon Forbes's lonely grave, and the news of the discovery of the skeleton was duly forwarded to the proper authorities, and also to the unfortunate young man's relations, and to these were sent the dispatch box, letters and ring.

Mrs. Duff was full of curiosity concerning our trip. We informed her that we spent Christmas at Chanda, as we had originally intended, with our husbands, that they had provided an excellent dinner of black buck and jungle fowl, and the plum pudding surpassed all expectations; but we never told her a word about our two nights' halt at Dakor bungalow.

A Balloon Story.

BY S. E. W.

STRANGE and fearful rumors were flying about the country; the laborers when out after dusk looked uneasily over their shoulders; many of the women refused to stir from their cottages on the hill-side.

For an awful sight had been seen of late, floating in the still, thundery atmosphere—a large balloon, from which flame and horrible lights had proceeded at night—and a shephard, who had came down from the mountain tops, had declared that, when on a lofty crag, he had seen this ghostly balloon descend so low that he had looked in the car; sulphurous fumes were emitted there from, weird, lurid flashes were given forth; and, lying at full length was something white, and still, and terrible.

But this was not all. The silence of the night had been broken by moaning and groaning, and a dishevelled shadowy man—or spirit—had been seen looking up to heaven with streaming eyes and clasped hands, as he ran wildly from rock to rock in the vain effort to follow the balloon.

Towards dusk a young girl rushed into the village crying, "It is coming down! it is caught on the rocks!"

There was no need to ask what had caught, for every one knew. The entire population had left their occupations and followed her, scrambling up the mountain side in their eagerness to be first. There lay the huge balloon, tossing from side to side, until at length it settled down on the ground.

Before anyone could approach, a gaunt skeleton like figure rushed up, as it seemed, from the earth beneath, crying, "Keep away; keep away!"

Twilight had disappeared, in the darkness the aeronite and the ropes shone like vivid fire. The wild man knelt beside the car, and as he looked into it exclaimed loudly, "I call you and heaven to witness that I killed her; I killed her!"

At the sound of his voice the spell was broken, the people surrounded him. A young woman of surpassing beauty lay dead in the car; in her hand she clasped a withered lily.

The site of her suddenly aroused in the villagers the wildest fury, one of those strange bursts of passion swept over them simultaneously, which, in the history of nations, are sometimes so unaccountable and yet are of such terrible account.

"He has murdered her," they yelled in their peculiar patois; "we will kill him."

"Who was she?" they demanded of the stranger.

"She was my wife."

"Hang him!" shouted one. "Throw him over the cliff-!" said another, and a wild tumult arose.

Meantime the women, with gentle hands, had taken up the body and laid it on the grass. A breeze sprang up, the balloon gave convulsive heaves and, after some few moments of struggling, tore itself away. It ascended rapidly, becoming a sheet of flame, a loud roar was heard as of an explosion, and then total darkness succeeded.

The fury of the mob increased. "Kill him!" they shouted unanimously.

The stranger folded his arms across his wasted chest, and said with something of dignity, and in a singularly refined voice "Do with me as you will."

The women lingered near the body, but the men took him at his word and began to hurry him down the slope towards the village. Seeing how heavily his feet dragged, they roughly seized him by the elbows and pushed him along. A dark figure was seen coming to meet them: it was the Cure.

"What is this, my children?" he asked. A babel of tongues endeavored to explain, but the good priest understood one thing if he understood nothing else, and this was that a fellow-creature was in urgent danger, and needed instant deliverance.

He made the men loose their hold.

"This man shall be my prisoner he said." If justice require him to be given up, I will give him up to the proper authorities, though not to you. Do you all wish to be murdered?"

"He is a murderer on his own confession," they replied.

"And who are you that you should be avengers of blood?" said the priest sternly. "Bring him to my house, and I will be responsible that he is forthcoming when necessary."

The excitement had now given place to sullen silence, which continued until the Cure's door was reached.

Then the blacksmith came forward and related how the dead body had been left alone, on the mountain side, for the women had descended.

"Let it be brought down," said the priest. A murmur arose among the crowd. They were grossly superstitious and no one would touch it; they affirmed that this balloon and all belonging to it was the work of the devil.

"She must be buried," said the Cure. "Will no one go?"

No one answered.

"I will go myself," he continued; "I think I can carry her."

A feeling of shame overcame the blacksmith.

"I will accompany you," he said.

"Good," replied the priest. "Keep the man in safe custody until I return."

They took a rope and bound the culprit hand and foot to the palings; the moon had risen and shone on his face; he looked like St. Sebastian in his agony, but he spoke no word and did not asked to be released.

The entire population waited during what seemed to be hours, until the slow tramp of footsteps was heard, and the priest and the blacksmith appeared bearing their burden, which they placed on the ground.

"Bury her," said the crowd with one voice.

"Impossible," returned the priest. The matter must be fully investigated before she is put underground."

Again a tumult arose, wilder than before. The people were wrought up to a pitch of delirious excitement and terror. Men raved and declared this unhallowed man in their midst would bring ruin and blight on their crops; women wailed and sobbed.

The priest rapidly revolved; the case in his mind. He knew this ignorant, uneducated populace would lay everything that might befall them in the way of calamity to the account of the dead woman. He was a new-comer and was trying hard to raise their ideas. Of the two evils he resolved to choose the least, knowing if necessary the body could be exhumed.

"I will bury her," he said at length.

Then the stranger lifted an antagonised face towards him.

"For the love of God let me kiss her first," he said.

The priest came to him; his face darkened as he saw the tight cords.

"Shame!" he exclaimed. "Shame on you to bind the man thus cruelly!"

He cut the ropes and helped the stranger towards the spot where the woman lay. He knelt down and kissed her reverently. "Do as you will, now," he said.

"Bring torches," said the priest, and in a few moments a body of men came forward bearing flaming pine torches, and spades, and pickaxes. In solemn procession they entered the pine-woods, chanting a low dirge, a shallow grave was dug, the body placed reverently in it, covered with sweet scented pine needles, and then with earth, and all was over. The crowd dispersed and went to their homes; the priest and the stranger knelt besides the grave.

"Come home with me," said the former at length; "you are starving for want of food."

"I am," said the man. "But, believing me a murderer, will you take me into your home?"

"I will."

He led him to his house, for he was too weak to walk alone, and gave him soup and wine, bidding him sleep, locked the door and left him whilst he wrote to the authorities at the nearest town.

The next morning he walked in his garden at daybreak; the fresh mountain air, pine-scented, blew softly. Seeing the prisoner's white face at the window he opened his door and bade him join him. After scrutinising the man's countenance attentively he exclaimed: "You have not the face of a murderer."

"But I killed my wife. Listen, I will tell you everything, and as truly as I should do under seal of confession. Five years ago I first saw her. You have seen her dead; perhaps you can imagine how lovely she was alive."

"I can."

"She was a country girl; I came from from Paris, a scholar; a man of means and

leisure. I loved her as soon as I saw her; she returned my affection and were married shortly. Her parents gave a ready assent; I had no parents, so there was no impediment in our way. But as soon as we were married I was bitten by a craze—a madness, rather—for chemical and scientific experiments. I gave up my whole time, my whole fortune, to expensive essays in different ways which generally failed, but which cost me thousands. At last I determined to invent a balloon, of a new description, a self-guiding, controllable balloon, the properties of which should be indestructible owing to the case and the ropes being chemically prepared. I tried and tried, and at last seemed near success. But by this time I had spent every farthing, and ruin stared me in the face. Was I to let my grand discovery perish for the sake of a little present comfort? I asked this of my wife. She said no. So we lived on dry bread, and, sooner than let my furnace go out, I broke up my furniture and fed the fire with it."

The priest's face grew very stern, but he kept silence.

"I never lost my love for my wife, but I had forgotten it—put it on one side. She must have been ill then, though I did not see it. I thought of nothing but my cherished invention, for I saw it was rapidly approaching perfection. Then came a day when it was finished, quite finished, and on this day we had eaten our last crust and burnt our last stick. Our home was empty; but, what matter? I had achieved my purpose."

He paused.

"Continue," said the priest.

"I came in, full of joy, to tell my wife. I saw her stretched on the ground. I spoke to her. She made no reply. She was dead."

Out of sheer pity his hearer could make no comment; the agony on the man's face spoke for itself.

"Then all my love came back in tenfold forced. I suppose I have been mad since, I do not know. I had no money to bury her with. I knew that in the country place where we lived I was hated and feared by my neighbors as a man who practised devilish arts, and that not one of them would give me either money or help. I had not the strength to dig a grave. So I resolved to commit her to the care of Heaven and do the severest penance possible to be. I would resign my invention and make it her grave. I placed a lily in her hand, laid her down gently in the car, and set it adrift."

"This was indeed severe penance."

"But my sin found me out. Instead of bearing her body gently out to sea and depositing her there, as I had hoped and prepared for, the wind veered within half an hour, and, when I heard strange reports of a fearful balloon amongst the mountains, I knew that it was mine. The sea and the earth had refused to cover the dead. I followed as best I could, living on roots and berries; and, if torture bring pardon, surely I have suffered enough at alone for my sin. Still, not the less was I her murderer."

The Cure stretched out his hand and took that of the other man.

* * * * * *

Two hours later came the authorities.

"Where is the prisoner?" they asked.

"He is dead!" said the priest solemnly.

STAGE "SUPERS."

THOSE ARTISTS who take the "thinking parts" at our theatres—the supernumeraries, or "supers" as they are called—do not perhaps meet with as much consideration as they deserve at the hands of an ungrateful public. Their best efforts are never encouraged by applause, and while a great tragedian grandiloquently addresses his "brave army" of supers, audiences seldom consider how much of his dignity he owes to the impressive bearing of the brave army itself. Any super worthy of the name is able very competently to argue that the members of his branch of the profession are at least as important as the most highly salaried artists. Where would Othello be in his celebrated speech to the "Most potent, grave, and reverend seigniors" but for the unmistakable potency, gravity, and generally reverend appearance of the supers to whom his oration is delivered? But, however great may be the ability of a super in assuming a potent air, it goes unrecognised by the public. Perhaps to this fact may by due the habitual melancholy of the super when not inspired by the excitement of his art. There is nothing more dispiriting than to feel that one's talents are not appreciated.

There is also another unsatisfactory feature about the super's occupation. It lacks permanency, and it is only while great spectacular dramas and pantomimes are running that the super has an opportunity of exercising his calling.

The drama is, from the super's point of view, sadly deteriorating. The taste of the public has been of later years for a class of entertainments that has received the designation of "teacup and saucer." Swells lounge in drawing rooms, and indulge in small talk over five o'clock tea with fashionably dressed ladies.

The super vigorously protests that he does not call that "acting." There are no soldiers and no banner bearers in plays of this kind, and soldiers, and banner bearers are, he considers, the essence of a good play. There are sometimes ballroom scenes, it is true, but the professional super objects to dress clothes on principle.

He would rather be attired as a walking pumpkin in a pantomime than wear a swallow-tail coat. And, truth to tell, an evening dress-suit is the one costume in which he does not appear to advantage. However easily he may assume a "potent" air, he is quite unable to adopt the easy swagger of a ballroom dandy.

For this reason managers frequently look elsewhere for supers who have to appear in nineteenth-century costume. There are many young gentlemen who, merely for the fun of going on the stage, are willing to act as supers in plays of the modern school, and undoubtedly they are able to walk across the stage with a better grace than their professional rivals.

These amateur supers, therefore, are very often employed. They are easily obtained by the insertion of an advertisement in a newspaper. Some are young men fresh from the universities, who are anxious to obtain a varied experience of city life; others are enthusiastic amateur actors, who wish to qualify for the profession, and are not above commencing at the lowest rung of the ladder.

Many are clerks who are engaged during the day, and whose object is to increase their meagre incomes by appearing on the stage at night. These amateurs, too, are frequently choir singers, and their vocal talents are sometimes brought into requisition for stage choruses.

The super's ordinary pay is only a quarter a night, out of course, those artists who take part in choruses, or who have a speaking part, however small, are in a different category, and receive higher salaries. The pieces in which supers are employed are now comparatively rare, and with the small pay that they receive it is obvious that they cannot rely entirely on the theatre for their livelihood.

They, in many cases, have their daily occupation, and they may be anything from clerks to sandwich men, though a great number are men out of employment in their usual avocation, who endeavor to tide over their period of misfortune by means of their small earnings on the stage.

Many supers are to be met with who have pursued that calling in combination with some other with more or less regularity from their youth upward. Some of them have all the time been vainly hoping to attain the dignity of a speaking part.

The kind of men who have usually been employed as supers have no chance of ever becoming actors, although they may be occasionally allowed to speak a line. But among the more educated class who are now frequently engaged there are many instances of amateur supers having developed sufficient ability to become very respectable members of the dramatic profession.

Supers vary in age as well as in occupation. There are juvenile supers of six and patriarchal supers of sixty. The young sters are on the threshold of a profession that they look forward to as a fulfilment of their most ambitious dreams. The elders look back upon their stage experiences with many pleasurable reminiscences of famous artists with whom they have been brought in contact, and of successful plays in which they have been engaged; but they are most fain to confess that their early anticipations have not been realized. It often happens that a super continues his connection with a particular theatre for a long period of years.

In theatres where a large number of supers are employed, they are under the control of a "super master," whose duty it is to train them to their work, and to supervise their general behavior. As a rule they are sober, and give little trouble; but occasionally it happens that a black sheep is found in the flock, and immediate dismissal ensues upon any instance of intemperance or insubordination.

While waiting their turn to go on the stage, the supers may be seen assembled in the "property" room, or some other remote part of the theatre, amusing themselves in various ways.

Romantic looking foresters are reading newspapers, knights in armor are playing "nap," and others are engaged in equally incongruous occupations.

There is little difficulty in training adult supers. Indeed, where a spectacular piece is on tour the management can always rely on obtaining competent supers in the town of their sojourn.

Mechanics or any other respectable class of men who are willing to earn evening wages can easily be taught the duties required of them, and for this reason travelling companies never take their supers with them.

The youngster, however, give the super master more trouble, for the "boys will be boys," and at the back of a stage among the scenery there are so many excellent places for playing "hide and seek," so many ropes to climb, and so many opportunities for mischief that it is no easy matter to keep them in order.

The boy supers are paid a dime a night or half as much as the men receive. They are only employed in pantomimes, and when a pantomime is being put in rehearsal there are always endless applications by children of all ages for engagements.

They often go independantly of their parents who allow them to roam about at their own sweet will, and sometimes from long distances, so that they have to spend considerable portion of their small earnings in travelling.

The juvenile supers, however enjoy their occupation, and consider themselves in a great degree repaid by the fun and excitement of going on the stage.

A story is told, though we were unable to vouch for its accuracy, of a super who fell in love with the leading lady at a theatre where he was engaged. The lady played the heroine in a melodrama of the Cromwellian period, and the super enacted a soldier, whose duty it was to fire at the Royalist hero just as he was about to escape from the captivity.

The heroine, however, had to rush between in time to save him, receiving the bullet herself, and afterwards to make a very affecting death scene. The super had many times vainly endeavored to obtain an interview with the lady in order to press his ambitious suit, but she divining his attention, had taken care not to give him an opportunity.

One night, just as she was going on the stage for her final scene, the super whispered to her at the wings—

"Unless you will promise to grant me an interview to-morrow, I will not fire."

The lady could not stop to argue the point. She went on the stage, and got through the first part of her scene in some trepidation at the idea of her great climax being spoilt.

The moment approached. The hero was just about to appear. She saw the super at the wings with an expression of fierce determination on his face.

Should she brave the ridicule of the audience? The thought was too much for her. The super gave her one inquiring look. She was near enough to speak to him.

"Call on me to-morrow at twelve," she whispered, and the scene was satisfactorily concluded amid the tearful applause of the audience.

The super's artifice succeeded in its design; and the story goes that, though he was never able to develope into an actor, he at least made a very exemplary husband.

THEY WERE HORNETS.—We were waiting on the depot platform in a new town in Alabama, and as the dozen of us walked up and down some one espied a wasps' nest hanging on a bush across the track. He pointed it out as a wasps' nest, but a short solid man, who had a head like a cannon ball and a jaw denoting great firmness of character, at once replied:

"I beg your pardon, sir, but you have made the very common mistake of classing the wasps with the hornets. That is a hornets' nest."

"And, I beg your pardon, sir," protested the other, who was a planter, "but hornets don't nest that way. They build mud houses under the eaves of old buildings, and one won't sting you unless you pick him up. My niggers declare that no wasp can sting if he wants to, while on the contrary a hornet——"

"I beg to differ with you," interrupted the solid man. "That is a wasps' nest. You are right about the wasp being a peaceful insect, and I think I will take that nest along for a souvenir. They say they are a sure cure for quinsy."

"Do you know a hornet for a wasp?"

"I should remark?"

"Well, when you get through with that nest I want you to tell me whether it was occupied by hornets or wasps. Gentlemen, look out for yourselves!"

He started for the woods and we followed, and when we reached a safe distance and looked back, the man with the iron jaw was just cutting off the limb which held the nest. He held it up and called to us to come and see it, but this call was followed by a yell which would have done credit to a Comanche warrior with a double Adam's apple in his throat. The big yell was followed by a serious of hoots, whoops, exclamations and ejaculations, and these were accompanied by gymnastics of an intricate character. He jumped, dodged, twisted and cavorted, and finally started down the track on a gallop. Seventy minutes later, and just as the train whistled, he came out of the woods, dead lame, one eye shut, his nose as big as his first, and his head bare.

"Hornets or wasps?" queried the planter.

"Hornets, by thunder!" groaned the victim as he hurled to get his valise.

A NUMBER of interesting stories about animals, hunting, &c., appeared in a New York journal, among them this one, credited to an old frontiersman. He was hunting stray cattle and came on a new settler's cabin beside an oak in the mountain valley. He stayed with the settler over night, sleeping in a blanket before the fire. During the night they heard a great noise outside. The settler looked out and reported that a large bear was at the meat-safe, which hung under the oak tree. The frontiersman was asked to shoot it, but said he would not risk it with only a revolver and a shotgun. The wife of the settler remarked that they were both cowards, and she would drive it off with a broom. They locked the door, prevented her from going out and shortly after heard the meat safe fall and roll into the gulch. In the morning they found that an old horse had become entangled in the ropes of the meat-safe and finally torn it down in his struggles and dragged it down the ravine. The old frontiersman and the new settler were obliged in self defence to retire to the heat waters of the San Antonia within a week and stay there until they had killed a grizzly apiece!"

A COMMERCIAL traveller in Omaha was walking from the railroad station to his hotel in a gale of wind. As he turned the corner an English sparrow struck him in the face. Its bill pierced the eyeball and ruined his sight.—A New York broker's clerk lay in bed very late one Sunday morning and the ceiling fell on him.—The travellers' company paid an ex-Governor of Ohio $60 for the loss of a toe-nail.

FALSEHOODS which we spurn to-day were truths of long ago.

DO GOOD and cast it into the sea; if the fish ignore it, God will know it.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

An Owensboro, Ky., paper says: Last March a countryman came to town, bringing his dog with him. He concluded while here to take a street car ride, and when he got on the car the dog trotted along behind, as he had been wont to do with his master's wagon. When the man got off the car he passed out front instead of the rear where he went in. The dog thus missed him, and traveled to and fro beside the car till recently, when he was killed by poison. He had traveled many thousand miles.

The slang of the streets and the stables, and of the world-be witty and comic young men of the universities and great public schools, is another predisposing cause of the increasing vulgarity of vernacular English. Brevity may be the soul of wit, but there is neither soul nor wit in which fashionable brevities as "vet" for veterinary surgeon, "exams" for examinations, "pub" for public house, "comp" for compositor, Saturday "pops" for Saturday popular concerts, the "Zoo" for Zoological Gardens, "perks" for perquisites, "thou" for thousands, "cit" for citizen, "ad" for advertisement, "biz" for business, and such Americans as "he goes out nights and works mornings."

A peculiar character, named Thomas Banks, has just died in Montgomery, Ala., leaving an estate valued at $200,000. It is said in a despatch that fifteen years ago he had a handsome mausoleum erected in a cemetery at Montgomery, and directed that he and his brother should be laid to rest there. He had the mausoleum furnished with a wash-stand, bowl and pitcher, soap and towels and comb and brush. He used to visit the place daily and make his toilet in the mausoleum. He could not bear the idea of being buried under the ground, and said if he came to life again he would find himself in comfortable quarters. He never married and, and so far as known, leaves no relatives. It is understood that he made a will, leaving his property to personal friends and charitable institutions.

A preacher at Cortland, N. Y., has got a way of raising money which beats the best returns of the contribution box. He bought $25 worth of nickels and distributed them among the congregation. No person could take more than one, and it was to be invested in any way the possessor might please. The result was surprising. One little girl put her nickel into eggs and cleared $2 on the investment. A lady, who first invested in cucumbers, by successfully embarking her accumulated capital in potatoes, soap and bread, came out with a net profit of $3.02. Four young ladies formed a pool and with a joint capital of 20 cents went into photographs of the pastor, which they sold at a profit of $17.35. Many other members of the church invested their nickels in various ways with like success, and the net sum of $375.82 was realized from this ingenious idea.

A system has been lately introduced into the Brookline, Mass., grammar schools, which has called forth a great deal of local comment and criticism, and which is already strongly commended and is likely to be widely copied throughout the commonwealth. It is the introduction of a system by which the boys and girls shall be induced to save their pennies, instead of spending them for candy and sweets and other trifles, and place them, with the assistance of their teachers, in a local savings bank. Sums as small as five cents are taken to begin with, and each child is supplied with a certificate of deposit for whatever money is thus set aside, and will be allowed interest on it so soon as it reaches an appreciable sum. The beginning of the formation of habits of thrift among boys and girls cannot be too strongly commended, and the formation of this habit is a part of that teaching which the public school has a right to inculcate.

A New York correspondent ventures the assertion that there is no city in the world where luxury and squalor live so close together as in New York. "The other day," he then goes on to say, "I had occasion to call on Mr. Andrew Carnegie regarding his new library in Allegheny. I took a Broadway surface car, getting off at Fifty-first street. I walked eastward on the numbered throughfare, which was filled with swarthy Italians sitting in the doors of their shops, from which emanated in very large quantities excited snatches of their musical language and strong airs from stewed garlic and stale beer. I walked on, wondering if my distinguished friend could not have an humble namesake who lived in this neighborhood. I crossed Sixth avenue, and lo! a grand transformation scene! A moment before, mid squalor and rags; across the street, luxury and laces. It is up in the portion of the city that the Vanderbilts, Astors and other millionaires live, but they never know what daily goes on within a stone's throw of their palatial homes."

MEN, like watches, should be valued by their going.

Our Young Folks.

THE VESTAL VIRGINS.

BY E. HARRADEN.

THAT was a sad day for every one in the palace of the great Roman noble, Valens Claudius, when the little daughter who had been the sunshine of the home said "good-bye" to those she loved, and was taken to the House of the Vestal Virgins, there to learn all the duties befitting a future priestess of the goddess Vesta.

No doubt, in reading about the gods and goddesses of the ancient Romans, you have learnt about the goddess Vesta, in whose temple, over against the Palatine Hill, the sacred fire was kept burning day and night, fed by white-robed priestesses of the noblest Roman blood.

That was an office to which only the high-born maidens of the land might aspire; and ten years of discipleship had to be passed through before any one of these maidens might hope to watch in the temple by night, and tend the sacred fire, or draw from the spring on the Cœlian Hill a pitcherful of pure water to sprinkle on the shrine of the goddess.

These seem simple enough duties, which any one might perform without much preparation; but those wishing to serve the goddess had to be guided and instructed by the priestesses, who alone knew what Vesta required of her servants—minds pure as the water from the spring, and devotion ardent as the sacred fire of the temple.

Well, Claudia was gone—ten-year old Claudia—with her fresh laughter and all her winning ways. Never again would be heard her childish voice pleading for some unfortunate slave who had neglected his duties, and was about to be punished with a cruel beating.

As for the old African slave, Casca, he seemed quite disconsolate, and crept about his work sullenly, except when he had anything to do for the young Glaucus, Claudia's cousin and playmate; and then he brightened up, remembering that Claudia loved Glaucus.

But Glaucus was the one who was the most miserable at the loss of Claudia. He sat on a couch in the great hall (or, as the Romans called it, *atrium*), and he thought of all the games he and she had played together, and of all the fun which no one else understood except themselves.

He remembered how kind she was to him on that day when he was brought to her father's house to be adopted by him as his son. He felt so strange and lonely, until Claudia put her hand into his, and said they must be great friends.

And so they had been, month after month, and year after year. He had always taken care of her, and Valens Claudius used to laugh kindly, and pat the boy on the head.

"You're a good lad, Glaucus," he used to say, "and I would trust Claudia with you anywhere—even to see the games in the Circus Maximus."

And now he would never be able to take care of Claudia any more, and he would have to live his life all by himself, and grow up alone, and become a soldier, and win honors only for himself, since Claudia could not share them with him. She had tried to comfort him before she left.

"Don't you see, Glaucus," she said eagerly, "when I am a vestal virgin, and you are a brave soldier, I shall be watching the sacred fire which keeps Rome safe, and you will be fighting the battles of Rome. We shall both be doing something for the dear city, and I am sure I shall often think of you when I sit weaving the veil, and embroidering it with gold and silver, for the altar of the goddess. And then, I shall see you sometimes. It is not as if we should never meet again."

"It won't be the same thing," he answered sadly. "I wish you were not going to be a vestal. And I shall never be able to serve you, and you know I would do anything for you, Claudia."

"Well, I'll tell what you can always do," she said: "take care of my dear father, for you know he says these are troubled times; and be kind to black old Casca, and don't be harsh to the slaves, and then you will be doing a great deal for me."

He promised her all this, and now, recalling his promise, he felt a little comforted, and determined to try and master his grief.

So the days went by, and Glaucus often wandered in the direction of Vesta's temple, hoping to see something of Claudia. And whenever he saw the chief vestal, called the Vestal Maxima, passing through the streets, attended by a body of lictors and by two or three maidens, he hurried up, and looked at her eagerly, as though he would fain have asked for news of Claudia.

Once she seemed to notice him, and smiled kindly, and if he had dared he would have spoken to her. But no one was allowed to address a vestal when she walked abroad, and so all the many questions which Glaucus wished to ask remained unasked.

Meanwhile Rome was in a very disturbed state, owing to the conspiracy of a nobleman, Lucius Sergius Catilina, who, together with other discontented patricians, was plotting to overthrow the Republic, to murder the leading men in the State, and to put himself at the head of affairs.

Claudia's father, Valens Claudius, was himself one of the conspirators, having been won over by Catilina's wonderful powers of persuasion.

On December the 3rd, B. C. 62, the whole plot was discovered, and many of the conspirators were arrested, and strangled by the common executioner in a terrible dungeon on the slope of the Capitol.

But nothing was proved against Valens Claudius, who was thought to be a good friend of the Republic, and who had not induced suspicion by leaving Rome, as many of the others did.

But he looked terribly ill and anxious, and Glaucus used to ask him sometimes whether he missed little Claudia, and were grieving for her.

"Nay, lad," Valens answered, "I must not grieve. It is a great honor for her that she should be trained to become a vestal. It is the will of the goddess, too; one must not grumble."

"Let me serve you," Glaucus said eagerly. "You said these were troubled times. Let me be a help to you. Claudia told me to take care of you. How can I do that?"

"You were always a good lad," Valens replied, looking proudly at the boy. "You were always faithful. You will make a better servant to the Republic than I have made. May the gods bless you, Glaucus, and keep your arm strong and your heart faithful."

That was all he said, but Glaucus thought about his words, and wondered why he looked so anxious and careworn.

He was puzzling over this as he strolled home from school, and passed along the Appian Way. There were two men in front of him engaged in close conversation, and he heard the one say to the other—

"Well, the Consul Cicero is at last convinced about Valens Claudius. He is a traitor, and he will meet with the same fate as his friends. I said all along that Valens Claudius was not to be trusted. They will seize him to-morrow morning, on his way to Cicero's house, and then that will be the end of him."

The men laughed; but Glaucus hurried away, full of fears for Valens Claudius, and realizing that he must be warned. The slave who was carrying his books and parchment scrolls wondered to see his young master rush off as if there was not a minute to be lost.

When Glaucus got home, he went at once to the apartment where Valens did all his writing, and he told him word for word what he had heard.

But Valens laughed, and said he must have mistaken the name: no doubt the men were talking of Valerius Curtius, whom Cicero had cause to suspect. As for himself, he was Cicero's great friend, and no harm could possibly come to him.

But Glaucus would not be satisfied, and he was wondering what he could do to protect Valens, when he suddenly thought of Claudia and the vestal virgins—they might be able to help him.

He would knock at the gate, and say he was Claudia's cousin, and surely they would let him in.

It seemed ages before he reached the cloisters of the Vestal's House. He was almost breathless when he arrived there, and could not answer the questions which two women dressed in purple robes and dark veils put to him.

At last he said—

"I am Claudia's cousin, and wish to see her. Please do not send me away; I am in such trouble."

"You must not come here," they said roughly; "you do not bear any letter, and we cannot let you in."

The boy rung his hands.

"If I could only see the Vestal Maxima," he said pleadingly, "she would be kind to me, I know."

At that moment he heard the sound of steps in the cloisters, and, turning round, he saw the queen-like figure of the Vestal Maxima, clothed in a white stole, which reached her feet.

A violet-colored cloak was gathered loosely around her.

A hood was fastened to her cap, which fitted the head closely, and was bound with gold fillets.

The hood fell gracefully over her shoulders.

She came to Glaucus, and laid her hand on his head.

"And what can the Vestal Maxima do for you my child?" she asked gently. "Do not fear to ask me. Ah! I remember your face now—I have seen you sometimes in the streets."

He knelt at her feet, and told her that he was Claudia's cousin Glaucus, and that her father was in danger, and would not be warned; and that he had come to ask for help and advice. He had always promised Claudia to take care of her father.

She heard his story, and then said—

"Have no fear, my child—we will take care of Valens Claudius. I will pass that way to-morrow morning, and if he is seized I shall be at hand to set him free; and then he can escape from the city. It is a blessed privilege of ours to set a prisoner free. But not a word of this to anyone—not even to Claudia. Ah! you would like to see her? —you shall see her now.

The Vestal Maxima gave instructions that Claudia was to be fetched, and in a few minutes the little maiden came into the cloisters, and, seeing Glaucus, uttered a cry of delight.

He scarcely recognized her; for her golden hair, which used to fall over her shoulders, was now cut short, and clustered in close curls beneath a fillet.

She wore sandals on her feet, and she was clothed in a white stole.

Glaucus felt a little strange with her at first, but in a few minutes it seemed quite natural to be with her again; and the Vestal Maxima walked in the cloisters, and left the children to talk alone.

"I am very happy here," Claudia told him, "but I often think of home, Glaucus. And, Glaucus, don't ever forget to be kind to Casca and all the slaves. And take care of my father won't you? I am so anxious for him, for he said these were troubled times."

And so they chatted until the Vestal Maxima came to fetch Claudia away.

And she whispered to Glaucus to have no fear about the morrow, for she would not forget her promise and that when she had fulfilled her promise she would tell Claudia, so that Claudia might know that Glaucus had been thoughtful for her father.

Well, the next morning, when Valens Claudius was on his way to Cicero's house, followed by his attendant slaves, he was arrested, and was just being hurried off, when there was a cry of "The vestals—make way!" and the company of lictors pushed aside the people, and the Vestal Maxima passed by, followed by four other vestals, each with her attendant maiden.

The Vestal Maxima held little Claudia by the hand.

The child at once recognized her father, and a cry broke from her lips.

But the vestal Maxima whispered her to be silent, and turning to the men who were holding Valens Claudius and kneeling before her, as was the custom, she said, in a tone of stern authority—

"We desire that this prisoner shall be set free."

"Fly, Valens Claudius!" she whispered, "before it is too late."

* * * * * *

So this was how the vestal virgins came to the help of Claudia's father.

He got safely away to Egypt, and returned when the danger was over.

And as for Glaucus, he grew up a brave and true citizen, keeping the memory of Claudia always in his heart; and though he missed her sadly all through his life, yet he found comfort in remembering that he and she were both working for Rome—he to fight Rome's battles, and she to tend Vesta's sacred fire, which, like the fire of honor and reverence, must never be allowed to die out, in any land or in any age.

HOW TO PLEASE WOMEN.—Such little things please women.

They are made happy by a smile and a flower,

By a new frock and a pleasant greeting.

By a bit of cake and a good cup of tea.

By a well-fitting pair of slippers and a handkerchief with a drop of perfume on it.

By a string of gold beads or a new book.

By being told they look nice, and having this accompanied by a kiss.

By a tete-a tete supper or a lot of the girls to eat ice cream in the middle of the day.

By a box of candy or ten postage stamps.

By a wedding or an engagement.

By going to the matinee, or having a bit of news told them that is an absolute secret.

But they are happiest of all when they can lean their heads up against the shoulders of some great big man, tell of their woes and joys, be laughed at and kissed, be patted and assured of being "a ridiculous little donkey, but, after all a pretty good little girl." That's what they like best.

SHAG.

BY G. LITTLE.

THERE never was such a pony as Shag. He was a rough-looking pony, but what did that matter? He drew the cart to market with a load of potatoes or turnips, and he brought it back with a load of coal. He would let the children ride on his back, and he never kicked or bit at them.

He was very fond of them, and they were very fond of him, and saved up bits of bread or pieces of apple for him. Even little Jenny, the youngest of the children, was not afraid to get upon Shag's back and hold on by his mane, whilst Shag trotted round the field with her, quite steadily.

This was in the summer, but it was now winter, and the fields were all covered with snow. Shag had a warm stable to sleep in, and he did not go out so often.

One day the stable door was left open, and Shag, having eaten all his food, thought he would take a little walk, so he went through the door and into the road, and when one of the boys went to take him some water there was no Shag to be seen.

"Where is Shag?" said the father, who came up just then.

"He has got out into the road," said Tom.

"You must go after him," said the father; "you should not have left the door open."

So Tom went down the road and the father went towards the house.

Now when little Jenny heard that Shag had gone she filled her apron with crusts, and though the snow was on the ground she pattered down to the palings, and called as loud as she could—

"Shag, Shag, come here."

And Shag, who was not very far off, came trotting up to the palings to see what Jenny had got for him. And then Tom came running along, feeling glad that Shag had come back; and after Shag had eaten Jenny's crusts Tom led him back to the stable.

DIDN'T SEE IT WORKING.—A portion of a telegraphic line in California became interrupted in 1865, and workmen who were sent out returned, stating that they could not repair the break without a lot of supplies.

About a mile of wires and poles had as completely disappeared as though they had been swallowed up by the earth.

No trace could be found of the missing material, and the line was reconstructed.

Afterwards a detective was engaged to solve the mystery.

He worked three weeks on the case, exploring the country, which was mere desert.

He was despondent and about to abandon further search, when he ran across the material in question.

He was stopping over night at a small ranch, surrounded by a neat wire fence.

Barbed wire was unknown, and the ranchman was taxed with stealing the telegraphic line.

The old settler admitted the impeachment.

"Yes," he said, "I've been living here nigh unto three years, and have watched that durned old line. I never saw anything go over and thought no one was using it."

The settler was honest, and after reading him a lecture on the invisible nature of electricity, the detective reported.

No prosecution followed.

PIANOFORTE PRACTICE.—Many girls complain of feeling tired, absent-minded, fidgety, of headaches and sleeplessness; and these complaints grow worse as they grow older. In all cases where the parents could be prevailed upon to diminish the hours of pianoforte practice, or stop it altogether, a marked improvement in general health was the invariable result. Herr Waizoldt therefore recommends that pianoforte instructions should not begin until the age of twelve; that only girls of sound health, and who show some talent for music, should be made to play. It is an indubitable fact, the Professor says, that nine-tenths of the girls, after years of arduous practice, only attain to a certain automatic technique, which not only has no relationship with art, but is an actual hindrance to true musical perception.

ONE WORD.

BY BLACKWOOD.

"Write me an epic," the warrior said—
"Victory, valor and glory wed."

"Prithee, a ballad!" exclaimed the knight—
"Prowess, adventure and faith unite."

"An ode to freedom," the patriot cried—
"Liberty won and wrong defied."

"Give me a drama," the scholar asked—
"The inner world in the outer masked."

"Frame me a sonnet," the artist prayed—
"Power and passion in harmony played."

"Sing me a lyric," the maiden sighed—
"A lark note waking the morning wide."

"Nay, all too long," said the busy age;
"Write me a line, instead of a page."

The swift years spoke, the poet heard,
"Your poem write in a single word."

He looked in the maiden's glowing eyes,
A moment glanced at the star-lit skies;

From the lights below to the lights above,
And wrote the one-word poem—Love.

CURIOSITIES OF FOOT-GEAR.

That sandals were worn by the Egyptians more than three thousand years ago, is amply proved by the fact that they have been found upon the feet of mummies preserved since that time, and that they were evidently worn by Moses, for he was commanded, "Loose thy shoe from off thy foot," &c.

There is even earlier mention of the shoe than that just quoted, when Abram declared to the King of Sodom "I will not take from a thread even to a shoe latchet" (Gen. xiv.)

The Egyptian shoe alluded to in Exodus was doubtless a sandal, as the one word used in the original is translated both ways. It was probably made from the same preparation of papyrus as that used for writing upon, examples of this primitive foot-gear being still in existence; sandals were also worn made from palm leaves—they must have been delightfully cool and light for a hot climate—the idea is recommended to the notice of shoemakers of the present day for the soles of indoor shoes for summer wear, and although the material might possibly not be found very durable, yet that would hardly be regarded as a disadvantage from their point of view.

These sandals were kept in place by two thongs, one across the instep, and another passing between the great and second toe, and joining the first at the instep: not a perfect method of attaining the desired object, but adopted, probably, that the feet might be easily withdrawn from them: a custom denoting reverence to Deity and respect to superiors—practised in the East even now.

The sandal of the Egyptian denoted the caste of the wearer; that reserved for the upper classes being long, pointed, and turned up at the toe, not unlike the skate of the present day.

The lower classes were forbidden to wear them shaped in this manner, but what they lost in the supposed elegance of the fashionable foot gear, was compensated by the greater convenience of the commoner short toed sandal.

The Egyptian belles seem, after a time, to have paid great attention to the beauty of their sandals, which we find made of rushes, palm-tree bark, and even leather, dyed and variously ornamented.

An extremely curious custom was practised by the men of Egypt in order to gratify their hatred of their enemies; upon the cloth lining of the sandal a figure was painted representing the hatred nation or person, "that so they might continually tread the enemy underfoot."

The Romans ordinarily went barefoot indoors, and the earliest examples of the sandals used by them are extremely simple, until their far reaching conquests introducod them to the luxurious foot gear of other nations, which they adopted and improved upon to such an extent that Cato, as a protest against the usage which compelled their wear, and the extravagance of decoration his countrymen indulged in, often went barefoot.

The ancient Greeks, as well as the Romans, shod themselves with great simplicity, except in time of war, until they, too, advanced as they increased in riches and luxury, to an elaboration of style, and richness of decoration in their foot-gear, which raised shoe-making to the dignity of an important and artistic handicraft.

Amongst them, as well as the Egyptians, the foot gear indicated the class of the wearer. Slaves were not allowed to wear anything on their feet. Priests and philosophers often adopted the foot-gear of the lower orders as a sign of humility. One of the kinds in use amongst rustics was called the *crepida*, on account of the noise (*crepitus*) made by the wearers in walking.

In the time of Caligula, the Roman soldiers wore a kind of shoe, the sole of which was studded with spikes, to give them a firm foot-hold when marching over rugged ground, or climbing steep places.

The *campagus*, a sort of half-boot, was usually worn by the Emperors, but it was adorned with the embroidered figure of an eagle, and enriched with jewels.

Heliogaalus is said to have worn exquisite cameos on his shoes; and as it is related of him that he never wore a pair twice, it is to be hoped that the costly adornments of the cast-off shoes were sometimes transferred to the new ones.

Cyrus, the great Persian monarch—who, by the way, must have been rather a fop—advises short men to wear something between the sole of the sandal and the foot, in order to increase the dignity of their appearance; a hint which was adopted, centuries later, by the Roman ladies, who also copied the example set them by Heliogabalus, of adorning their *chaussures* with gold silver, and precious stones, some having even the soles made of gold. It is difficult to understand why they were at length forbidden by him to ornament their shoes in this costly fashion, unless he wished to establish a monopoly of the privilege.

When luxury and extravagance in the adornment of the feet had arrived at its greatest height, the wealthy and fashionable Romans began to prefer half-boots made of purple leather, to those enriched with gold and precious stones; but these were by no means inexpensive, on account of the enormous cost of dye used to give the desired tint, and the time taken to produce the exquisite embroidery with which they were embellished. It is said that the shoes of the Roman maidens were so ornamental, that lovers preserved the soles of those worn by the beloved one, in the same manner as they now treasure locks of hair, ribbon, &c.

I have said that the foot gear indicated the wearer's rank; this indication was made decisive by sumptuary laws, the senators wearing black shoes, with a crescent of gold or silver, or other elaborate ornament on the top, the patricians being allowed shoes with four straps, while the plebeians were forbidden to wear more than one.

In the eleventh century the Normans began to wear long, sharp-toed shoes—a fashion which was carried to such an extent, that Archbishop Anselm deemed it necessary to preach furiously against it.

Grains of Gold.

It is for youth to acquire; for age to apply.

Death has nothing terrible in it but what life had made so.

A guilty weight upon the heart takes the sun out of the sky.

Men are never more offended than when their veracity is suspected.

The best way to humble a proud man is not to take any notice of him.

He is a poor instructer of the young who does not well remember his own youth.

Solitude is as needful to the imagination as society is wholesome to the character.

Those who live on vanity must, not unreasonably, expect to die of mortification.

Rougery is thought by some to be cunning and laughable; it is neither; it is devilish.

The heart of youth is reached through the senses; the senses of age through the heart.

Most of the shadows that cross our path through life are caused by standing in our own light.

Enthusiasm is that temper of mind in which the imagination has got the better of the judgment.

Action is the great law, it is by steady, strong, continuous action that all great works are accomplished.

He who comes up to his own idea of greatness must always have had a very low standard of it in his own mind.

The strongest man feels the influence of women's gentlest thoughts, as the mightiest oak quivers in the softest breeze.

Femininities.

How easy it is to persuade a girl that she can sing.

Which is the most difficult punctuation?—Putting a stop to a woman's tongue.

There are no ugly women; there are only women who do not know how to look pretty.

What insult is so keen, or so keenly felt, as the polite insult which it is impossible to resent.

Nothing can atone for the want of modesty, without which beauty is ungrateful and wit detestable.

English women are wearing wide belts hanging but a few inches below the waist, in preference to sashes.

People glorify all sorts of bravery, except the bravery they might show on behalf of their nearest neighbor.

Mrs. Catharine Smitley, of Salt Creek township, Muskingum county, Ohio, is hale and hearty at the age of 102.

At the funeral of a young married lady in Brazil the coffin, hearse, driver and horses are draped with bright scarlet cloth.

The true theory of woman's rights is to educate the girls thoroughly, and then let the women do as they have a mind to.

Out of every ten pounds of confectionery that pass over the counter to American women six pounds are some variety of chocolate.

Women are much more alike than men; they have in truth but two passions vanity and love; these are their universal characteristics.

"Aunt" Mary Fiarcity, of Jonesboro, Me., aged 91, has solved the servant girl problem. She refuses to have help and does her own work.

The new purple is not called "plum" by those who know, but egg-plant, and it is as different from plum color as the egg-plant is from the plum.

Mrs. Marshall Field, wife of the Chicago dry goods millionaire, keeps a young lady private secretary, whose sole business is to dispense the private charities of her mistress.

Tabooed by society. Emma: "I notice you don't speak to Miss DeConyne any more." Lucy: "No! I haven't any use for a girl who wears a blue gown with a brown dog!"

A Buffalo girl displayed such excellent taste in the arrangement of a shop window in that city that she has been offered a similar position with a large salary by a London, England, firm.

Applicant: "I ask for the hand of your daughter." Parent: "Have you any prospects for the future?" "None whatever." "She hasn't any, either. Take her, my boy, and be happy! God bless you both!"

Miss McFlimsey, who wants to get a pair of gloves for a male friend: "Have you any gentlemen's gloves?" New clerk, glancing at her hand: "No, Miss, but I think I can find a ladies' size that will fit you."

Mrs. William Astor recently said that well-bred American women are dressing more and more plainly every year in public places. "Jewels," she thinks, "should never be worn before evening, and never on the street."

Conjugal dispute "Very well, then!" she exclaimed; "to make a concession I cannot deny that I have my faults." Husband, hastily: "No doubt of that." Wife, more hastily still: "I should like to know what they are?"

The other day an Arkansas woman gave birth to four girl babies, whereupon an old maid sent her $400, taking good care, though, to impress upon the mother's mind that the money was sent through sympathy, and not as an indorsement of such proceedings.

A Crawfordaville, Ind., despatch says: "Mrs. William Steig, who was buried here lately, had lived without sunshine for a quarter of a century. Twenty-five years ago she had a quarrel with her husband, and vowed that the sun would never more shine upon her. She went to bed, and since that time had never left it."

"A pitiful case," says a New Jersey newsgatherer, "is that of old and blind Mrs. Robinson at the almshouse at Bridgeton. She was stricken with paralysis recently, and as she is 75 years old, can hardly recover. In the same institution are her son, who is blind; a daughter, who is deaf; a second daughter and her husband, who are insane."

"No, Hiram," said the young girl, sadly, "I cannot be your wife. We are too compatible." "Compatible!" he exclaimed, "Isn't that the very reason why—" "Not in our case. I should probably insist, from motives of economy, on dispensing with a servant and doing my own housework, and you would most probably let me do it, Hiram."

"How strange it is," said a lady, "that fashionable parties should be called routs! Formerly, rout signified the defeat of an army, and when the soldiers were put to flight or to the sword, it was said they were routed." "This little has some propriety too," said a clergyman; "for by these meetings whole families are frequently routed out of house and home."

"You are poor, are you not, young man?" "Yes, sir." "And if you marry my daughter you will take her from a home of luxury and splendor to an humble sphere of life, where she may be very unhappy." "I have thought of that, sir," responded the young man, with deep emotion; "and it occurred to me that if Clara should be unhappy we could live with you until I should be able to carve out fame and fortune worthy of the beautiful girl whom I adore."

Buttercups from Mount Lebanon, grasses from Bethlehem, ferns from the pool of Solomon, and the veritable "lilies of the field" of the New Testament—the specimens of the latter, by the way, being of a deep poppy red in lieu of the light yellow and white allotted to them by most commentators—all mounted separately on cards, and embraced in one book, were lately on sale in New York. They were sent from Syria by a young girl, who thus earned funds to educate herself.

Masculinities.

Men possessed with an idea cannot be reasoned with.

Where would the power of women be were it not for the vanity of men?

Caller: "Is Mr. Brown at home?" Servant: "Yes, sir; you will find him at his club."

Lord Wolseley is not popular with the royal family of England. The Queen especially dislikes him.

In five minutes a woman can clean up a man's room in such a way that it will take him five weeks to find out where she put things.

The man who is always talking about how he does the work of two men can generally be relied on to do the talking of at least three.

With a woman it is a struggle to provide something for the inner man, and with a man it is an effort to provide something for the outer woman.

The prejudices of men emanate from the head, and may be overcome; the prejudices of women emanate from the heart and are impregnable.

A penny-a-liner, speaking of a man who was bitten by a mad dog, thus lucidly expressed himself: "He was attacked by a quadruped while laboring under cerebral excitement."

If there is a heaven on earth, it is on a soft couch by your fireside, your wife on one side, and a smiling baby on the other, a clear conscience, and a knowledge that you are out of debt and don't fear the sheriff.

Susie's suitor: "Tommy, what made your sister Susie laugh a little while ago when your cousin spoke to her?" Tommy: "Cousin asked Sue if she was engaged to you," Susie's suitor: "And Susie said what?" "No!" "Anything else?" "Yes; she said, 'Thank God!'"

Among the Piutes it is always the father-in-law that makes the trouble. Every married Piute is always glad of a visit from his mother-in-law. He welcomes her with his broadest grin. The arrival of a mother-in-law gives him a double team where before he had only one animal.

The assertion has often been made that a Frenchman can live on what an American wastes. This is illustrated by the fact that there is a man in New York who makes a comfortable living by going with a whisk broom and bag gathering up oats that horses scatter about their noon eating-places in the streets.

The worst thing that a sleepless man can do is to make use of chloral and morphia. The more he takes it, the more he needs it; and scores of instances are on record of men who, having taken one or the other for a few nights in succession, have never again been able to sleep without the assistance of the drug.

At one of the recent vice regal balls in Dublin a young "Metrimental" came up to where a young lady was sitting and asked her, in her mother's hearing, whether he might have the pleasure of a dance. But before the daughter could reply her fond parent hastily broke in: "'Deed an' she can't, then! Sure she's keeping herself cool for the Earl of Clanfurly!"

A man in Ohio met with a peculiar accident. He was driving on a windy day, and some sparks fell from his pipe and set fire to his coat. He was driving against the wind and that took the smoke to the rear, so he was not apprised of his danger until nearly all the clothing on the upper part of his body was in flames. He was terribly burned and has since died.

"We have had a sad loss at our house," remarked Hinks to Christie. "Why, what's wrong?" inquired Christie, sympathetically. "My mother-in-law died last night," and the tears came to his eyes. "Pshaw!" said Christie, in a tone of relief, "that's nothing." "Ah, but, my dear fellow, you forget that she had a $1200 pension, and we lived with her."

Grigsley, after offering his box to Wilkins, and both have lighted their cigars: "I like to lie back on an easy chair like this, Wilkins, and forget the cares of the day. What a solace is a good cigar! See that! How pleasing life looks through an azure cloud of Havana! We've nothing to complain of, I should say, old boy!" Wilkins: "Nothing—unless it is the cigars."

Speaking of the new House of Representatives, a correspondent says: "There are no Blacks, and strange to say there are no Whites or Grays, and, what is more remarkable, there is not a single Jones. There is a Mr. Flood and a Mr. Raines. There is a Crain, a Parrett, a Hare and a Bullock. There is a Flower, a Spooner, a Post and a Stump. There is a Knapp and a Goodnight. Blank, Wiley and Frank are good friends."

Monsieur wanted the picture hung to the right; madam wanted it on the left. But monsieur insisted that the servant should hang the picture according to his orders. Consequently Joseph stuck a nail in the wall on the right, but, this done, he also went and stuck another in on the left. "What is that second nail for?" his master inquired in astonishment. "It is to save me the trouble of fetching the ladder to-morrow when monsieur will have come round to the views of madam."

Some one perpetrated a cruel hoax on a colored clergyman of Barton, Alabama. He received a letter to the following effect:

"My Dear Doctor—I have just appointed you to a position that pays $100 a month. You will have to come on to draw your first month's salary, but after that it will be sent to you. Come immediately.

"BENJAMIN HARRISON,
'President of the United States."

He went to Washington, saw the President, discovered that it was a hoax, and was furnished transportation home.

A remarkable escape was made a few days ago by an Omaha man. He was intoxicated and took a seat on the railway track as a motor train was approaching. The engineer fortunately saw the man and applied the brakes, but, owing to the slippery condition of the tracks, the train did not stop until it struck him. The guard passed over him, grinding his head into the dirt, but the wheels did not touch him. He was so tightly wedged in between the guard and the axle that it was necessary to remove the bolts and take off the guard before he could be extricated. He was little injured.

Recent Book Issues.

"The Missing Bride," by Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, is issued by her publishers, T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, in uniform shape, style and price with her other novels. It abounds in the characteristics which distinguish all the works of this popular novelist.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

Cassell's Family Magazine for March is bright, readable and instructive. The serial, "The Stronger Will," opens the number and is followed by an entertaining sketch called "How We Amused Ourselves During a Long Voyage," which is illustrated with a number of lively drawings. A paper on "An Anatomy of Handwriting" follows, giving fac similie reproductions of the writing of George Eliot, Mrs. Oliphant, Richard Jefferies, Professor Masson and R. L. Stevenson. The "Family Doctor" tells us what to do when the children are "So Peevish and Irritable." "In An Air-Lock," by Harry Frith, describes an underground experience with pen and pencil. There is a short paper on "The Revival of Minor Arts," some short stories, poems, and the valuable fashion letters from London and Paris, not to mention "The Gatherer," which is filled with useful information. Cassell Publishing Company, New York.

The English Illustrated Magazine for February is unusually brilliant in its illustrated descriptive papers. They are: "A Whitechapel Street," by E. Dixon, illustrations by Hugh Thomson; "Winchelsea," by Mrs. Comyns Carr; about "Bells and Belfries," by Rev. H. R Haweis, M. A.; and "Two African Cities—Rabet and Salles in Morocco" — by Harold Chrichton-Browne. The number opens with a beautiful ballad, which occupies four pages, by William Morris. Rev. Prebendary Eyton contributes an excellent practical paper on "How to Spend Sunday." Sir Julian Goldsmid, M. P., furnishes a very bright and readable account of a trip from England "To 'Frisco." Miss Clementina Black contributes a very clever story, "The Professor's Piano." The third of the "Cycle of Six Love-Lyrics" is entitled "He Passionately Bewails Her Absence," which occupies seven pages with the words set to music. The number closes with two chapters of the Earl of Lytton's romance, "The Ring of Amasis."

The March *Wide Awake* opens with a charming biography in miniature, by Mrs. Frances A. Humphrey, of "The Beautiful Emily Marshall," a famous young belle of Old Boston. Among the illustrated articles are "Animals at School," by Eleanor Lewis, and "Among the Date Palms," by Frances H. Throop, with her own drawings made in Africa recently. "Poor Lady Ursula," by Lucia Beverly, is a true story of the fate of a young Englishwoman who came to Maine in the early days. Mrs. General Fremont writes of a "A Picnic Near the Equator." "The Coitie that Kicked Up" will delight the little people, and young and old will read with interest Miss Poulsson's "Early America in Clay," the article has some twenty illustrations of historical objects shaped in clay by the sightless children. Ingenious boys and girls will be apt to try Mr. Beard's "Musical Correspondence," a very ingenious system of cypher. "The Kaduskak Giant," by Miss McLeod, is a powerful story of Old Acadie. Mrs. White's "Newspaper Workers" will be read with profit. Mr. Stoddard's serial "Gid Granger" is worth reading, and Mary Hartwell Catherwood begins a Western serial story entitled "Bony and Ban." D. Lothrop Company, Publishers, Boston, Mass.

SYMPATHY.—No one need fear that a wise discrimination will ever crush out real sympathy. There is enough sorrow in the world that needs consolation, enough poverty that needs relief, enough burdens that need lifting, enough pain that needs banishing, to inspire all the sympathy of human nature and to demand its most practical results. What is needed is not less sympathy, but more intelligence—not a stoical indifference, but a keen perception of the causes of human misery and a wise judgment in dealing with them.

BARON ROTHSCHILD, the Paris banker, lives in fear of the commune. His cellars are almost impregnable and his pictures and jewels are protected in such a way that the most grasping mob could not reach them. He lives in a state of constant fear.

The human body is the nearest approach to perfection except Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

If you suffer with pain in the back, and limbs, take 25 cents and buy Salvation Oil.

AN OPIUM DEN IN CHINA.

As every one knows, opium-smoking is the curse of the Chinese nation. When the Celestial acquires this habit, nothing will ever induce him to give it up, even though he is perfectly well aware of the physical ruin that the drug is working. And it is not a little curious that just as the gin palaces of London attract customers by their blaze of light and color, so many of the opium-smoking dens in the bigger Chinese towns are got up regardless of expense.

At least that was the writer's experience in a visit that he once paid with a companion to a few of these establishments in the thriving city of Shanghai.

And, by-the-bye, it is a singular coincidence that Shanghai dates its prosperity from the close of the Opium War, when it was declared, along with other places, an "open port"—free to the commerce of the entire globe.

Shanghai is able to boast that it possesses within its bounds the largest opium den in the world.

The building is a veritable palace, where pig-tailed rowdies from every quarter of the Chinese Empire congregate to play billiards, smoke opium, drink whiskey, and indulge in gambling.

This great den is three stories high, and its entrance hall is illuminated with the electric light, while the interior is furnished in the most extravagant Chinese style. The ceilings of the different rooms are of richly-carved wood, and the loveliest of Chinese lamps cast a soft, luxuriant light upon the hazy groups of lazy smokers below.

The painted walls are inlaid with costly marbles, the grain of which is curiously suggestive of landscape sketches, and the rooms are finished off in carved teakwood, which, when oiled and colored, takes a brilliant polish, and shine like ebony.

We reckoned there were nearly, if not quite, one thousand smokers in the den on the night on which we visited it, representing every class of Celestial society.

There was the pompous mandarin in gorgeous silk beside the half-naked coolie in ragged cotton. There were tawdry women and desperate-looking men, quiet, intellectual scholars, and wealthy Chinese merchants.

All stopped under the electric light to buy little pots of opium as thick as molasses. The coolie and the mandarin were charged the same for their opium, but they paid different prices according to the rooms which they occupied and the pipes they used in smoking.

The cheapest cost about fivepence a smoke, and the dearest was sold for not much more than eightpence.

The pipes, however, were different. They were two feet long, with a big round bowl set into the handle. The mandarins smoked pipes of ivory, some of which were elaborately carved, while the coolies were satisfied with plain pipes of wood. The receipts of this opium den were said to amount to at least $1000 a day.

Passing through the vestibule, rendered, almost too dazzling by the electric light, you enter one hall after another obscured with the fumes of the sickly-smelling vapor, that wrapped the whole scene in an uncanny, ghost-like air, which was with difficulty dispersed by the rays from the gorgeous lamps overhead.

The smoking compartments were divided into cells, open in front, and separated from each other by beautifully-carved partitions of teakwood. Each cell accommodated two or more people, and most of the folks we saw smoking were in couples. On each side of a little glass lamp the men lay on red cushions.

The most expensive of the compartments had cushions of fine velvet, and the frames of some couches were inlaid with mother-of-pearl and jade. Women, too, were among the habitues of the den, but their numbers were few, for it is no more creditable for a Chinese woman to smoke opium than it is for an English girl to drink gin at a public-house bar.

Opium smokers always lie down while smoking. They bend themselves in an uncomfortable-looking manner as they manipulate the opium, draw it into their lungs, and blow it out of their nostrils. In some cases we noted large rooms in which private parties seemed to have assembled for an opium smoke together, and we passed through every hall in this large opium den and did not see a bit of disorder. The opium smoker is different from the drunkard. The opium calms its devote instead of exciting him.

We were treated with politeness everywhere, and the languid, sleepy crowd did not seem to care that we stopped and looked at them.

This is, however, only one of the hundreds of opium shops in Shanghai. We visited another den upon leaving this big one and found it nearly as large. It is said that China uses $30,000,000 worth of opium every year. It is an appalling sum, if the figures are correct. But a national vice, as other countries beside China have experienced, is a terrible waster of money as well as of men.

HAD HAD GOOD LUCK SO FAR.—Opposite Memphis (in Arkansas), and about twenty miles inland says a recent writer, I stopped at a general store to rest and get something to eat. Besides keeping hardware, wooden ware, dry goods, groceries, saddlery, boots and shoes, smoked and salt meats, there was a stock of drugs in the rear. I got some biscuits and cheese, and while eating there came in a colored man. He complained of pains in the chest and wanted a remedy. The merchant rubbed his nose reflectively, looking along the shelves, and finally took down a bottle, poured a two-ounce phial full, and corked it up and handed it over with the remark—

"Take five drops of that in water every four hours. Fifty cents."

The negro paid and went away, and in a few minutes a woman came in for something for dyspepsia. He took down a chance bottle, poured some of the contents into a phial, and charged her sixty cents. Then I inquired if he was a doctor.

"Well, sorter," he replied.

"And you know drugs?"

"Yes, tolerably fair."

"You put up queer remedies for those two complaints."

"Did I? Do you know drugs?"

"I have served five years as prescription clerk."

"Just the man I've been aching to see for a month. I took this stock on a debt. The fellow agreed to write on each bottle what the contents were good for, but he missed over half of 'em. I'm been dealing out sorter on my own judgment, and I've had mighty good luck so far."

"Haven't you killed any one?"

"Bout a dozen, I reckon; but all but one have been colored men, and the one white man was no count, anyhow. Now you just put in the afternoon marking up them bottles, and I'll keep ye over night and hand ye two big dollars in the morning."

WANT OF TACT ALMOST A FAULT.—Never say too much. Manners go a great way, and delicate matters managed with tact can be carried out without the slightest blow to the sensitive feelings of the parties concerned. It is not tact to rush up to a person and say, "How ill you are looking!" Any one who is not feeling well generally knows all about it, and does not like to be reminded of the fact. On the contrary, in meeting anybody who is looking particularly well or handsome, then is the time to speak.

To be able to keep people in good humor and never rub them the wrong way shows a wonderful amount of tact, but how many people there are who are always saying or doing the wrong thing. Two old school friends who had not seen each other for years met again a short time ago, and almost immediately after the first words of greeting had been exchanged, the one exclaimed to the other, "Why, you look as if you had been crying for years; your face is so wrinkled."

Now that remark, to say the least, did not show tact, and in a measure it destroyed the old feeling of affection which had existed for so many years. People do not like to be told disagreeable facts. As the saying goes, "Truth sometimes is brutal," but even when an unpleasant truth must be told to use a little tact in the telling of it will make the hurt less deep. Say and do pleasant things in this world whenever it is possible, but if disagreeable ones come to the surface handle them as gently as possible to spare the feelings of others.

THIEVES AIDED.—A veteran detective assigns as the cause of many of the successful robberies by sneak thieves the habit not a few people have of unguardedly divulging secrets to chance acquaintances and to friends. "Would you be kind enough to tell me the hour; I've left my watch in my other waistcoat pocket in my room," and various similar remarks are common, particularly on the street cars, and sneak thieves, he says, are always on the alert to hear such disclosures. They even ride on cars to overhear them. For instance, a man might be riding on a car and dive into his pocket for his fare, when he would suddenly remember that he left his purse on the dresser in his room, and would apologetically tell his friend so. There might be some thief in the car who, overhearing this, would follow him up, learn his name and address, and then all would be plain sailing. The thief would go to the house, and tell whoever came to the door that the man had sent him for the purse which he left on the dresser. The wife, finding the purse in the place described, would be thrown off her guard and, in nine cases out of ten would give it to him and pay him besides, for taking it.

Truth is naturally so acceptable to man, so charming in herself, that to make falsehood be received we are compelled to dress it up in the snow-white robes of truth—as, in passing base coin, it must have the impress of the good ere it will pass current. Deception, hypocrisy, and dissimulation are, when practised, direct compliments to the power of truth.

HOW ABOUT THE PRUDENCE of allowing a Cough to run on, rasping the Pulmonary and Bronchial orgrns, when that approved and speedy remedy Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant can be obtained from any Apothecary.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.

Sore Throat, Colds, Coughs, Inflammation, Sciatica, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Nervousness, Diphtheria, Influenza (Sporadic or Epidemic), Difficult Breathing.

CURED AND PREVENTED BY

Radway's Ready Relief, a Cure for Every Pain, Sprains, Bruises, Pains in the Back, Chest or Limbs. It was the First and Is the Only PAIN REMEDY.

That instantly stops the excruciating pains, allays inflammation and cures Congestion, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs by one application. If seized with threatened

PNEUMONIA

Or any inflammation of the internal organs or mucous membranes, after exposure to cold, wet, &c., lose no time, but apply Radway's Relief on a piece of flannel over the part affected with congestion or inflammation, which will in nearly every case check the inflammation and cure the patient, by its action of counter-irritation and by equalizing the circulation in the part. For further instruction see our "directions" wrapped around the bottle.

A teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Croups, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Flatulency and all internal pain.

MALARIA

CURED IN ITS WORST FORMS,

CHILLS AND FEVER.

FEVER and AGUE cured for fifty cents. There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. Fifty cents per bottle

DR. RADWAY'S

Sarsaparillian Resolvent,

The Great Blood Purifier,

For the Cure of all Chronic Diseases.

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Syphilitic Complaints, etc., (see our book on Venereal, &c.; price twenty-five cents). Glandular Swelling, Tumors, Bronchitis, Consumption, Diabetes, Kidney, Bladder, Liver Complaints, etc.

Skin Diseases, Humors and Sores.

There is no remedy that will cure the sufferer of Salt Rheum, Ringworm, Erysipelas, St. Anthony's Fire, Rash, Tetters, Pimples, Blotches, Prickly Heat, Ache and Sores, Ulcers, Boils, Humors of all kinds, so quick as the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT. Let it be tried.

The Most Economical! The Best!

Smaller Doses Than Other Sarsaparillas, but More Concentrated.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicines than any other preparation. Take in teaspoonful doses, while others require five or six times as much. Sold by druggists. Price, $1.

RADWAY'S PILLS

The Great Liver and Stomach Remedy

For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidney, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Costiveness, Indigestion, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

Price 25 cts per box. Sold by all druggists.

PERFECT DIGESTION will be accomplished by taking Radway's Pills. By so doing Sick Headache, Dyspepsia, Foul Stomach, Biliousness, will be avoided, and the food that is eaten contribute its nourishing properties for the support of the natural waste of the body.

DYSPEPSIA.

DR. RADWAY'S PILLS are a cure for this complaint. They restore strength to the stomach, and enable it to perform its functions. The symptoms of Dyspepsia disappear, and with them the liability of the system to contract diseases. Take the medicine according to directions, and observe what we say in "False and True" respecting diet. A few extracts from the many letters we are constantly receiving:

Dr. A. C. Middlebrook, Doraville, Ga.: "I use them in my practice and family in preference to all other Pills."

T. A. Peters, Lancaster, Pa.: "I would not be without them. They are something every family should have."

Mrs Caroline Monlteth, Dear Creek, Ind.: "I believe my life has been saved by your medicine. Have long been suffering with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint."

H. A. Carr, P. M., Escambia, Ala.: "Best Pills I have ever used."

J. W. Brewer, Ashburn, Mo.: "Those Regulating Pills are worth their size in gold. They will never be out of my house."

Dr. D. Hughes, Nicholasville, Ky.: Uses them in his practice, and pronounces them without doubt the best in use.

Dr. Thos. J. Jones, Montague, Texas: Has used them for over twenty years, and never failed with them in Malaria.

Mrs. Geo. Lohmiller, Santa Fe, Kan., says: "They never fail to give satisfaction," and calls them "a family necessity."

We have received thousands of such testimonials and others are steadily pouring into our office daily, which is itself a

POSITIVE PROOF

of real worth and merit.

Send a letter stamp to DR. RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren st., New York, for "False and True."

Humorous.

TIME AND NUMBER.

They stood at the gate in the pale moonlight,
Observers, there were none;
He pressed her hand and said, "Good night."
And added, "Kate, just one!"

"Just one!" she said, in assumed surprise,
And she dropped her lashes then,
And curtained the bright, love-beaming eyes—
"Well, I should say, just ten."

"All right!" he cried, with a rapturous look,
And did not a moment wait,
But drew her to him, and then he took
Ere she could expostulate.

She gasped for breath as she fixed her hat,
And her blushes came and went;
As she murmured, "You know I didn't mean that;
I—I thought 'twas the time you meant."

—U. N. NONS.

Wanted two stamps of indignation and one of true nobility.

Even the humblest toiler in the land can resolve to live for a hire purpose.

Woman's hand may be pale and delicate, but she can pick up a hotter plate than a man.

Ladies should never put pins in their mouths. Their lips should be rosy without thorns.

Hard work is the best cure for the blues. At least, this is what you must always tell other people.

An old lady was made to cry bitterly the other day because some bad boys stoned her cat. She said they hurt her feilnes.

Why is a young lady just from boarding school like a building committee?—Because she is ready to receive proposals.

A contemporary tells us of the sad case of a man who was shipwrecked, and cast upon an uninhabited island, without a dime in his pocket.

"I perceive you are trying a beau knot," said a person to a young couple of opposite sexes, whose arms were pretty well linked round each other.

The poet says that, "'Tis love that makes the world go round." It also makes the young man "go round" quite frequently on Sunday nights.

Helen: 'But then, you must know Miss Passy's family is a very old one." Kate—"Yes, so I imagine; are any of the family older than herself do you suppose?"

"Is Mr. Smith a very religious man?" "I never saw a more devoted man in all my life. He attends all the parish fairs, takes shares in all the raffles, and when it comes to Copenhagen he is the very life of the church.

Jones: "Why, Phoebus, you surely can not have whitewashed that back room in so short a time. You were to put on two coats of whitewash, you remember." Phoebus—"Yes, sah. I done put 'em on bofe togedder."

"Excuse me, sir; but haven't we met before? Your face is strangely familiar." "Yes madam; our host introduced us to each other just before dinner." Ah, I was positive I had seen you somewhere. I never forget a face."

In some discussion societies they debate strange questions. The last was—"What is the difference between the Bridge of Sighs and the size of a bridge?" The next is to be—"The difference between a fac-simile and a sick family.

Palmer: "It's mighty funny, but there are no less than six people with whom I have been talking within a week are now dead." Curtleigh: "I haven't the least doubt of it I'm sorry I can't stop to listen to you to-day, but the fact is I'm not prepared."

Bobby, to his sister: "Is Mr. de Lunk head, your beau, a judge of fine art?" Sister: "A very good judge, Bobby. But why do you ask?" Bobby: 'Oh, he told me last night that he was going to get the man who painted your portrait to paint his house."

"Don't you think," said a youth, after working his vocal cords with intense vigor besides the hotel piano. "that I ought to go on the stage?" "Yes," replied Miss Poppertoa, who doesn't like him very well. "I certainly do. There is one that leaves for the station twenty minutes from now."

Uncle Josh, from Wayback Junction, in large dry goods emporium to floor-walkers—"I say, mister, is them rooms with the beds in em, at the other end of the store, fer the clerks ter sleep in?" Floor-walker—"No, sir, they are not for the clerks They are for out-of-town people waiting for their change."

"Ma," said Willie, who had been to the missionary sewing society with his mother, "I feel very sorry for the poor little heathen." "That's right, Willie, I am glad to see you show such spirit." "Yes'm. I'd feel sorry for anybody that had to wear the clothes that you people were making to-day."

"Doesn't it embarrass you to be kissed by your husband befor a carriage full of people?" "Er barrass me?" replied the lady, who was starting off on a journey, as she seated herself and looked at the questioner. "Did John kiss me when he said good-bye? I declare I didn't notice it. Is my hat on straight, Laura?"

Mr. Stoxandbonds: "I understand, Mr. Quicklyrich, that you have sent your son to college Do you intend to give him a liberal education?" Mr. Quicklyrich—"Yes, sir, I do! He has $500 a month, and if you know of any one who is giving his son a more liberal education than that I am prepared to make it a thousand."

Gussy de Broadway, staring at Colonel Top Boots, who has just swallowed two inches of brandy neat: "Um—ah—nevah mix your drinks I see, curnell?" Colonel: "Yes, sah. Always take watah with my likah, sah!" Gussy: "Didn't see any just now, bah jove!" Colonel: "Well, sah, you see I fill the glass with likah, sah—and then my mouth "atahs, sah."

A Maine Philanthropist.—A Kennebec paper tells of a philanthropic citizen of Augusta, Me., who recently met a little ragged, half-starved urchin on the streets there. The earnestness and forlorn condition of the little fellow elicited sympathy from the gentleman, who decided to give the boy an opportunity to do something. Accordingly he told him he would send him out on a farm of his as chore boy. But at first sight it was evident that the lad's tresses had ever been untouched by the cruel shears. Compassionately the gentleman entered a store near by and upon a block of very thin, almost tissue paper, wrote the following order to his favorite barber: "Mr. F.—Cut this boy's hair and charge it to me." No sooner had he gone than one of the proprietors, a friend by the way, saw on the sheet next below that on which the order had been written an exact duplicate. This was traced and the operation repeated until that original order had at least three dozen duplicates, which were distributed among mutual friends—and the barber kept on cutting. When the charitable citizen came to pay $12 for cutting that boy's hair he did it without a murmur, but his smile on doing so kept people at a respectful distance.

His Bill.—A physician, of New York, at a little gathering there recently, told of one of the first professional calls made by a fellow practitioner. He was sent for by a rich but avaricious man, who had dislocated his jaw. The young surgeon promptly put the member in place.

"What is your bill, doctor?" asked the patient.

"Fifty dollars, sir."

"Great heavens!" And the man opened his mouth so wide as to dislocate his jaw a second time. The physician again put things to rights.

"What did you say your bill was?" again asked the patient.

"I said it was fifty dollars; now it is one hundred."

The man grumbled, put paid it.

Valuable Mule.—A story that comes from Florida is interesting, notwithstanding it is improbable. It's about "a 21-year old animal, at Jupiter, which patrols the beach there. It is customary for the man watch at the life saving station to discharge the coast signal (a red light) when vessels come too near the beach. The mule has learned what this signal means, and every night at 8 o'clock proceeds to walk the beach, and if a vessel appears too near the shore he sends forth a neigh that makes night hideous. "Port or starboard your helm!" is the order on the ship and with a grateful heart to the four-legged patrolman.

Pleasure is a rose, near which there ever grows the thorn of evil. It is wisdom's work so carefully to cull the rose as to avoid the thorn, and let its rich perfume exhale to Heaven, in grateful adoration of Him who gave the rose to blow.

Accustom yourself to submit on all and every occasion, and on the most minute, no less than on the most important circumstances of life, to a small present evil, to obtain a greater distant good. This will give decision, tone, and energy to the mind, which, thus disiplined, will often reap victory from defeat, and honor from relapse. Having acquired this invaluable habit of preference, and just appreciation, start for that prize that endureth for ever; you will have little left to learn.

One person in each locality can earn a good sized bag of gold at work for us during the next few months. Some earn $250 a day and upwards, and all get grand wages. No one can fail who follows our directions. All is new, plain and easy. Experience not necessary. Capital not required, we start you. Either sex, young or old. You can live at home, giving work all your time or spare time only. Any person has earned $20 during past few months you can do as well. No room to explain here. Full particulars and information mailed FREE to those who write us at once. Better not delay if you want work at which you will be sure of earning a large sum of money every month. STINSON & CO., Box 5199, Portland, Maine.

School.—For Sale, a Girls' School in Southern California. Will be sold this winter. Address, Isabella G. Oakley, Santa Barbara, Cal.

$5 to $8 a day. Samples worth $2.15 FREE. Linen's under horses' feet. Write Brewster Safety Rein Holder Co., Holly, Mich.

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ONE MEDICINE FOR ONE DISEASE.

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No. 7—A Perfect Tonic, which gives Health, Form and Fullness, Clear Complexion, Good Digestion. Lots of it.
No. 8—Nervous Debility, Loss of Power Impotence, an incomparable remedy.

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GRIND YOUR OWN Bone, Meal, Oyster Shells, Graham Flour & Corn in the $5 HAND MILL (F. Wilson's Patent.) 100 per cent. more made in keeping Poultry. Also POWER MILLS and FARM FEED MILLS. Circulars and testimonials sent on application. WILSON BROS. Easton, Pa.

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Inventors of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also Dollard's Regenerative Cream, to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter,
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov. 29, '88. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

To Mrs. Richard Dollard, 1223 Chestnut st., Phila.

I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
Leonard Myers,
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

Navy Pay Office, Philadelphia.

I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, or Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best Wash I have ever used.

A. A. W. Russell, U. S. N.

I have used constantly for more than twenty-five years, "Dollard's Herbanium," for removing dandruff and dressing my hair, also for the relief of nervous headaches. I have found it a delightful article for the toilet, and cheerfully testify to the virtues claimed for it. I would not be without it.

James B. Chandler,
No. 306 Chestnut Street.

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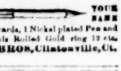

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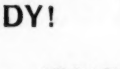

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TO PLAY MUSIC WITHOUT STUDY!

This Can Be Done by Means of the

INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE to the PIANO or ORGAN.

Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called," or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY, correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys. Thus the player has the full effect of the bass and treble clefs, together with the power of making correct and harmonious chords in accompaniments. It must be plainly understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book, and without previously needing to know the difference between A or G, a half-note or a quarter-note, a sharp or a flat. The Guide is placed on the instrument, and the player, without reference to anything but what he is shown by it to do, can in a few moments play the piece accurately and without the least trouble. Although it does not and never can supplant regular books of study, it will be of incalculable assistance to the player by "ear" and all others who are their own instructors. By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

The Guide, we repeat, will not learn how to read the common sheet music. But it will teach those who cannot spend years learning an instrument, how to learn a number of tunes without EITHER PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OR STUDY. A child if it can say its A, B, C's and knows a tune—say "The Sweet Bye and Bye"—can play it, after a few attempts, quite well. There are many who would like to be able to do this, for their own and the amusement of others, and to such we commend The Guide as BOUND TO DO for them ALL WE SAY. Its cheapness and usefulness, no receiver, would make it a very good present to give a person, whether young or old, at Christmas. Almost every home in the land has a piano, organ or melodeon, whereon seldom more than one of the family can play. With this Guide in the house everybody can make more or less good use of their instruments.

The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS. (Postage stamps, 5's, taken.) For Ten Cents extra a music book, containing the words and music for 100 popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address

THE GUIDE MUSIC CO.,
726 SANSOM ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Latest Fashion Phases.

Among the notable new dinner gowns lately worn in London the *Court Chronicle* furnishes the following descriptions:

Nearly all the backs of the evening dresses are of brocade, mostly of floral designs, in large groups or sprays, and are very beautiful. A dinner gown of Gobelin blue satin is covered with interlacing garlands of cream flowers, delicately outlined with black tracery.

The train is lined with black, and opens over a cream satin petticoat, draped with cream gauze de soie, embroidered in small white flowers. The bodice is of brocade, and is arranged in front in soft folds over a full chemisette of gauze, which also forms the puffed elbow sleeves.

Black velvet ribbon is introduced between the folds of brocade on the bodice, and is tied up into a bunch on the left side, from there falling down to the hem in long ends, thus slightly accentuating the black tracery on the brocade.

Two sisters are having pretty dinner gowns made alike. They are of rich pure white sole royale, with a wide pinked-out ruche of gros grain all the way round the trains. The fronts are exquisitely draped with crepe royal, edged with white rose petals, producing the effect of a shower of rose leaves.

This drapery is drawn up high on the hips, and falls in two pointed ends over the train at the back. The low bodices are plain, and draped with the crepe and its fringe of rose leaves.

A gown with a red velvet train and bodice, made high at the back, and a Medici collar, had a petticoat on which the amalgamation of color was not effective; it appeared to be a mass of variously-tinted metal thread embroidery, softened at intervals by cascades of old Mechlin lace, through which a glimmer of the pale-blue satin background was just apparent.

Another handsome dinner gown was of dark-green satin de Lyons, brocaded with a shower of large, fully blown red roses. This was made with a long square drapery in front, which opened at each side, showing a petticoat of red tulle, embroidered with flowers; and the low bodice was draped with green silk and red tulle, skillfully combined.

Amongst the tea gowns were two especially distinctive. The first, a poppy-red satin de Lyons, brocaded with garlands of leaves and flowers in pale straw color—a marvel of design and richness of material; it was quite plain and long, with a full front of red crepe royal, which was vandyked round the hem over a flounce of straw colored lace; the neck and sleeve ruffles were also composed of the lace.

The second was of black cashmere, with a black velvet Zouave, covered with gold thread embroidery; the hem of the short train was bordered by three rows of black velvet, each row edged with narrow gold braid; and the front, of black crepe de Chine, arranged in accordion plaits from neck to hem, was drawn into the waist by a shaped girdle of gold embroidery; the sleeves had a deep puff to the elbow, and from there to the wrist consisted of embroidery. This gown was most graceful and original in effect.

All shoes for evening or promenade wear are made with lower heels than last season. The favorite walking boot for ladies has the low English heel and the pointed Piccadilly toe, and is of kid, with high perforated foxings of patent leather.

Heavier shoes are made of English calfskin with perforated foxings of calfskin and will be worn later in the season by expert pedestrians who adopt the English styles.

The Blucher shoe is a new shape in calfskin introduced for those who like a masculine style: it has an extremely low heel, is cut low at the ankle and is otherwise shaped like a man's walking shoe. This shoe is especially commended as an easy shoe in walking and recommended for skating wear.

Slippers for full evening dress are made to order of brocade or silk to match the gown; or a soft slipper of Suede kid may be worn in black, gray, tan or dark red, when the hosiery usually harmonizes with the slipper in color.

Shoe dealers who make the finest footwear show gold slippers finished simply with the tiniest gold buckles, which are to be worn with black silk stockings.

Silver-gray Suede kid slippers are finished with small buckles of steel or the huge Pompadour buckles of antique or bright silver, which are made by silversmiths for this purpose. The vamp of Suede kid slippers is still often braided with lines of the narrowest ribbon matching the ribbon in color.

A slipper of golden brown or tan kid is finished to suit the fancy of the wearer with a steel, silver or gold buckle of the tiniest size. Black patent-leather slippers have a tiny buckle or two gold buttons as an ornament at the instep.

A new dancing slipper, which is recommended because it does not gape at the side or drop off in dancing, has a strap buttoned around the ankle with a gold or silver button. The favorite toilet shoe is of crimson morocco, and may be made with or without a heel.

Silver-mounted leather goods were never more artistic and beautiful than now. The fashionable leathers are lizard skin, a scaly-grained leather which comes in a variety of colors and shades of color, and is in special demand in green; monkey skin, a heavy, mottled, dark tan, black or red leather; and soft velvet-like kangaroo skin, which is found in all colors and shades of color.

The newest leather card-cases have a tiny silver watch mounted on one corner. Shopping bags continue in large pouch-like shape, with heavy mountings of antique or etched silver.

A charming night-gown is set in narrow box-plaits, both on shoulders and sleeves, and a pale-blue ribbon, threaded in and out under the plaits, draws the fulness in round the shoulders, the collar and cuffs being adorned in like manner.

Equally pretty are the newest French models in morning gowns and jackets, the "Clemence" being a most original little gown of fine willow-green cashmere flannel, lined with vieille rose, the fulness of the skirt in front being drawn in just below the waist, into fan-liked plaits both above and below.

The bodice is in the form of a Zouave jacket, with leg o' mutton sleeves, and trimmed with five rows of pinked scalloping, in which green and old rose are set alternately, with excellent effect; the collar, cuffs and pockets being of the same trimming.

The "Natalie" is quite as pretty as its sister gown, and rather more dressy, being of a pale pretty blue cashmere, with the round, full skirt bordered with a band of white Venetian guipure.

The bodice is cut like an open jacket or smoking coat, quaintly squared at the corners, and trimmed all round with black ribbon velvet, some two inches in width, which is tied at the waist behind into a sash bow, with long ends, reaching to the hem of the gown.

A narrow violin back is formed of the black velvet, and a similar arrangement in front makes, as it were, a slender V-shaped waistcoat between folds of the blue cashmere; while the sleeves, which are something between the leg of mutton and the modified bishop shapes, are trimmed with wide cuffs, composed of a band of the black velvet, set between reversed strips of the Venetian lace with which the skirt is trimmed.

A marked feature of the dinner and demi-toilette gown for the winter season is the presence of elaborate and fanciful sleeves, which are more generally transparent, or of such light texture that the arm is barely concealed.

Sleeveless bodices are now delegated to the ball-room, and with these gloves of exaggerated length are worn, the top part very full and wrinkled, although below the elbow the gloves fit close and tight, an arrangement which is managed by a couple of bands of elastic sewn to the inside of the glove, the first just above the elbow, the second about two inches from the top.

Where the bodice is cut as a low V or square, folds of crepe or mousseline are placed inside and drawn up to represent a V, and this is usually secured by three tiny safety-pins, and is not a fixture in the dress.

The crepe sleeves are made on a close fitting lining of the same, and are drawn into high puffs on top, or else form one full puff to the elbow, where they are drawn in by bands of trimming.

Very beautiful tablliers or fronts of crepe and net are embroidered all over with colored silk, and sometimes mixed with tinsel and beads.

Odds and Ends.

THE COOKING OF MACCARONI, ETC.

Maccaroni (boiled).—Put into a large saucepan plenty of water, salted to taste; when the water boils fast throw in the maccaroni, broken into convenient lengths, but not too short; stir frequently. When the maccaroni is done to taste, pour in a jugful of cold water, and strain the maccaroni quite free from any water. According to its size, maccaroni takes from twenty to thirty minutes to cook; it should not be done too much. The French cook maccaroni too much for the Italian taste, and the English like it even more overdone than do the French.

A la Menagere.—Put the boiled maccaroni in a saucepan with plenty of grated Parmesan and Gruyere cheese, or the latter alone; moisten with well flavored common stock, as much as it will absorb.

With Cheese.—Throw into boiling water some common pipe or flat maccaroni, with salt, according to the quantity used. Let it boil a quarter of an hour, when it will be a little more than half cooked. Drain off the water thoroughly, and place the maccaroni in a saucepan with enough milk to cover it, let it boil till perfectly done, then take out the maccaroni and lay it in a silver dish with a plentiful allowance of grated Parmesan cheese, to which a judicious quantity of white pepper should be added; pour over it plenty of liquefied butter, sprinkle the top with more grated Parmesan, and over that some very fine baked breadcrumbs. Put the dish in the oven just long enough to make the contents very hot, brown the top with a red-hot salamander, and serve.

Aux Tomates.—Take a quantity of tomatoes, cut them up, and remove from each the pips and watery substance it contains; put them into a saucepan, with a small piece of butter, pepper, salt, a bayleaf, and some thyme; add a few spoonfuls of stock or gravy; keep stirring on the fire until they are reduced to a pulp, pass them through a hair sieve, and dress the maccaroni with this sauce and plenty of Parmesan cheese freshly grated.

A L'Italienne.—Take a piece of gravy beef, cut in small pieces, put it in a saucepan with an onion sliced, and a piece of butter. Toss it on the fire till the onions and pieces of meat are browned; then add a glass of white wine, a bunch of sweet herbs, a carrot cut in pieces, spices, pepper and salt to taste, a few mushrooms and tomatoes (cut in pieces), and a fair allowance of common stock, or tomato sauce. Let the whole simmer for a couple of hours, then strain and skim off superfluous fat. Put the boiled maccaroni into a saucepan with a piece of butter, plenty of grated Parmesan cheese, and as much of the sauce or gravy as it will absorb. Toss it on the fire a little while, and serve.

With Bacon.—Mince about one-half pound of rather fat bacon, together with a clove of garlic, a couple of onions, some parsley, thyme, majoram, and basil to taste. When the mixture is minced into a paste, put it into a saucepan with about one pound of fresh beef, cut up into small pieces. Keep on turning this on the fire until the meat is well browned, then moisten with a little water or stock, and add the contents of a fair bottle of tomato sauce. Let the sauce simmer for an hour, put in pepper and salt to taste, and, if it be too thick, add more stock, then strain it carefully, remove superfluous fat, and dress the maccaroni with it and Parmesan cheese as above.

Au Jus.—Boil the maccaroni in water, with an onion stuck with cloves. Dress it in a saucepan on the fire (as in a l'Italienne) with the gravy of stewed veal or beef, and Parmesan cheese, adding powdered pepper and nutmeg, according to taste.

A la Napolitaine.—Take about 1 pound of trimmings of beef, as much fat bacon, all cut in dice, an onion cut in dice, then thrown into cold water, and squeezed dry in a cloth; add, or not, a clove of garlic, then put the whole into a saucepan, and let it remain on the fire, stirring it occasionally, till the onion is almost melted away; then add parsley, marjoram, thyme, pepper, and salt. Take a piece of "conserva" (tomato pulp, dried, in the sun or otherwise, to the consistency of damson cheese), cut it in pieces the size of a pea, put in the pieces a few at a time, always stirring the contents of the saucepan. The "conserva" must be fresh and soft; if it is old and tough, it must be softened by kneading it with a little water. When sufficient "conserva" has been put in, moisten with water, a spoonful at a time. Let the whole simmer some ten minutes longer, then strain, remove superfluous fat, and dress the maccaroni with it and plenty of Parmesan cheese.

Rissotto.—Fry in a saucepan, with one quarter pound of butter and a pinch of salt, an onion finely minced; when it is of a golden color, strain off the onion, and add the rice, two ounces or three ounces, carefully picked and washed; stir well, moisten with stock or broth carefully freed from fat, boiling hot; keep on adding this in small quantities as fast as the rice will absorb it; add during the process a pinch of powdered saffron. When the grains begin to burst add plenty of grated Parmesan cheese, and it will be ready as soon as the rice is quite done.

Confidential Correspondents.

WELLS.—There is no law in the United States against a man marrying his sister-in-law.

A. E. L. E.—You did quite right; you may leave the rest to time. Both sweetheart and fiancee were much too young to be trusted with the management of their own affections.

BERT L.—Write your name and address at the top of your manuscript. When sending it away fold it, but do not roll it, put it into a large envelope and enclose sufficient stamps for its return.

MAC.—"Of that ilk" means of the place bearing the same name. Thus MacLeod of that ilk means MacLeod of MacLeod, of the place called MacLeod, not MacLeod of that family or of that sort.

GYPSY.—1. Yes, certainly. Congratulate both your cousins and also the lady on their engagement, and give your good wishes. 2. Leave your knife and fork on the plate when it is sent up for another helping.

LISLE.—Excessive pallor is not attractive, but many ladies are naturally pale and still are beautiful. 2. The waist of the celebrated statue of Venus, which is supposed to be the most perfect female figure in the world, is twenty-four inches round.

J. H.—The character &, representing the conjunction and, is called "ampersand," which is a corruption of "and per se, and." The expression was formerly common in our nursery books. It is sometimes pronounced "ampersed," and very often "amperse-and."

J. M. E.—When nickel plating becomes dull it may be polished with jeweller's rouge and lard oil, or fresh lard applied with a piece of chamois leather. Rub the parts, using as little of the mixture as possible, and wipe off with a clean, slightly-oiled rag, or some cotton waste.

M. A.—The tickling in the throat you speak of may be caused by a relaxed condition of the parts, or by an elongated uvula. You require an astringent gargle of some kind, such as a teaspoonful of alum to half a pint of water. You might also take twice a day a dose of quinine and iron tonic.

MONICA.—There is no legend about Una and the Lion. Una is a fictitious character in Spenser's "Faery Queen," and by Una he symbolizes Christian virtue or faith. Secondly, Una signifies the Virgin Queen Elizabeth (una, Lat., single or alone); and thirdly, you must read the "Faery Queen" for yourself, and not be afraid of the allegory.

M. D. says, "Two gentlemen were looking at a portrait; one asked 'Whose likeness is that?' The other replied,

'Brothers and sisters have I none;
But that man's father is my father's son.'

What was the relationship between the speaker and the person represented in the portrait?"—The portrait was that of his own son.

ANTLERS.—To polish your antlers, first scrape with glass; then with fine glass cloth; next with bathbrick and oil mixed to a smooth paste; and, finally, with powdered rottenstone, applied with a piece of old flannel; some prefer a piece of an old silk hat for the purpose. If this does not suffice, use a flannel dipped in soapsuds; then into pumice powder, for the finishing process.

R. STEVENS.—Nine-tenths, if considered as a portion, would be singular, and should be printed as a compound word. But it would be, in our opinion, more in accordance with the strict derivation of the compound to say, "Nine tenths of your assertions are wrong;" "Nine tenths of your letter are false." It is a nice point; many will stick to the singular verb, many to the plural.

EGRESS.—1 A Sabbath day's journey was about an English mile. 2. The first day of the week is Sunday; it is also called the Lord's day, in commemoration of Christ's resurrection. 3. For many years both the first and seventh days of the week were kept holy, but gradually the first day of the week took the place among Christians of the Sabbath (or seventh day), and was and is observed as the day of rest.

RIGHT.—We should advise you to leave the young lady alone and take no notice of her. Any girl who can so pointedly seek to attract a young man cannot be a modest or ladylike person. What she does to you she will do to others, and on will do well to wait till you find one who waits to be sought instead of seeking you. 2 Your note is very well expressed, and the writing has all the makings of an excellent hand. We should advise you to practise regularly in your spare time. It is a pleasure to know that any advice of ours has been of use to you at any time.

AQUEDUCT.—The pain and swelling of the legs that you complain of are probably caused by your standing for such long hours at a time. You should try to obtain leave to sit down at intervals. The practice of keeping shop assistants standing for great lengths of time is cruel, and ruinous to their health. If you get a couple of fine indiarubber bandages, and keep them gently applied round the feet and legs up to the knee, you will, doubtless, find the symptoms you mention lessened, but they will not, of course, entirely disappear, except with the removal of the cause.

FARMER.—The green matter in the tissue of a leaf is composed of two colors, red and blue. When the sap ceases to flow in the autumn, and the natural growth of the tree ceases, oxidation of the tissues takes place. Under certain conditions the green of the leaf changes to red; under different conditions it takes on a yellow or brown tint. This difference in color is due to the difference in combination of the original constituents of the green tissue, and to the varying conditions of the climate, exposure, and soil. A dry, cold climate produces more brilliant foliage than one that is damp and warm.

JACK.—Wipe the calf cover of your book with a soft linen rag; then go over it with the white of an egg, applied by means of a soft brush or feather. To prevent the reappearance of the mildew—if the room is damp—set a saucer of quicklime near the books, and as it becomes soft renew it; this will save them when all else fails. It is the method adopted by many librarians. If the white of an egg does not answer, try leather stain; or, if the color has quite gone, you must touch it up with liquid dye of the same shade. Remove the linen cover, and substitute one of waterproof brown paper; it is very thick and highly glazed.